SOUTH FUR LANDS

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Down Under Caterwaulings

"I didn't enter into any *Australian* chapter of Furry Fandom because there simply wasn't any."

1994, Craig Hilton, "Furry Fandom—An Insider's View from the Outside"
Phlogiston #40

Well, there is now. G'day and welcome to the first ever Australasian furry fanzine, *South Fur Lands*. Some would also say this is the official beginning of Australasian furry fandom proper and are we excited; fair dinkum we are. [*Yawn*—MML] Before I go any further, however, I've got a lot of people to thank. So thank you to:

- **The guys who insisted on getting their names in the credit box** for lending their free time and energy to this project.
- **Terry Knight** for helping me name this 'ere mag.
- **Daniel Godden** and **Chris Baird** for lending their computer space for our promotional needs.
- **The guys on OzFurry** both local and international for helpful suggestions on preferred construction. (Special mention to **Richard Chandler** for the binding advice.)
- **John Boulton** for bringing me and the guys in the credits together. (It would take a Canadian to do it, wouldn't it?)
- **Craig Hilton** for being the most enthusiastic and supportive person for this entire project and making me believe in the spirit of furrydom.
- **Paul Kidd** for without him I'd know the fur but not the fandom.
- ...and all the **Readers, Contributors, and Supporters** without whom there would be no *South Fur Lands*. You're the ones who created this mag. I just have to hold it all together.

And while we're on the subject of you lot, tell us what you think of this mag that you forked out your hard earned bucks for. We'll be starting a letters column next issue, so write in. It's your mag; tell us what you want. We also need a name for the letter column so write in with your suggestions and the best one will get a free copy of the next issue.

Our "Adults-Only" version is coming soon so let's see what sort of stories are out there. But as I like to say, let's have some taste. And for those of you wondering how far you can go in the ordinary version, check out the "Weird Stress Kittens" story in this issue. A basic rule is no frontal nudity and no major depictions of sexual activity, visually or textually. No gratuitous acts of violence either. [Well, that scraps my ideas for submissions to the next few issues—MML] We let Gerard Ashworth get away with this stuff because we like him.

Anyway, I hope you like our first issue and tell all your friends about it so they can buy *SFL* too.

Australasian furrydom is alive and well! Let the nulla-nullas roar and the didgeridoos blow.

Let the celebrations commence!

Jason (Jagafeh) Gaffney
Editor-in-Chief

Editor-in-Chief	.....	Jason Gaffney
Text editor	.....	Marko Laine
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South Fur Lands #1. July 1995. Published quarterly by Jagafeh Press, c/o Jason Gaffney, 10 Hibiscus Street, Cabbage Tree Point QLD 4207, Australia. All art and stories are © 1995 their respective creators. No material may be reproduced in any form whatsoever, whether mechanical or electronic, except for purposes of review and promotion, without the permission of the creator. Any similarities to persons living or dead is purely coincidental, except for satirical purposes. No animal was harmed in the production of this fanzine. PRINTED IN AUSTRALIA.

MARKO LAINE - WRITER & INKER ~ JASON GAFFNEY - PENCILLER

OZCON

OR, HOW TO PROMOTE LOTS OF AUSTRALIAN COMICS WITHOUT REALLY TRYING...



ON THE TRIP TO OZCON WE LEARNT ONE THING ABOUT TRAVELLING ON A BUS: YOU CAN'T SLEEP ON ONE.



ONCE AT THE CON, OUR FIRST TARGET WAS THE KRONOS KOMICS STAND.



THE KRONOS KOMICS/DEAD NUMBAT STAND WAS CROWDED THE WHOLE WEEKEND...



WHILE THE "MARVEL UNIVERSE" WAS EMPTY.



FINDING ALL THE PEOPLE WE NEEDED TO FIND WAS EASY. ALL WE HAD TO DO WAS HANG AROUND PAUL KIDD'S STAND TALKING ABOUT FURRIES.



JASON LIKES TO PUBLICLY HUMILIATE ME, SO HE 'ACCIDENTALLY' LET PAUL KIDD SEE **THAT** DRAWING OF ME; THE ONE THAT HAS NO PLACE IN THE ADULTS-ONLY ISSUE OF SFL.



I GAVE GERARD ASHWORTH A PENCIL TO DO A SKETCH AND HE FORGOT TO GIVE IT BACK. DO I HAVE ARTISTIC CREDIBILITY NOW?



PAUL SUGGESTS THAT A NUMBER OF US GO OUT FOR DINNER, AND SOME KA CHENG.
L/R: MARKO LAINE, KRIS KREUTZMAN, GERARD ASHWORTH, PAUL KIDD, DEREK "MAGIC MAN", SIMON RABOCZI, JASON GAFFNEY, AND DANIEL GODDEN.



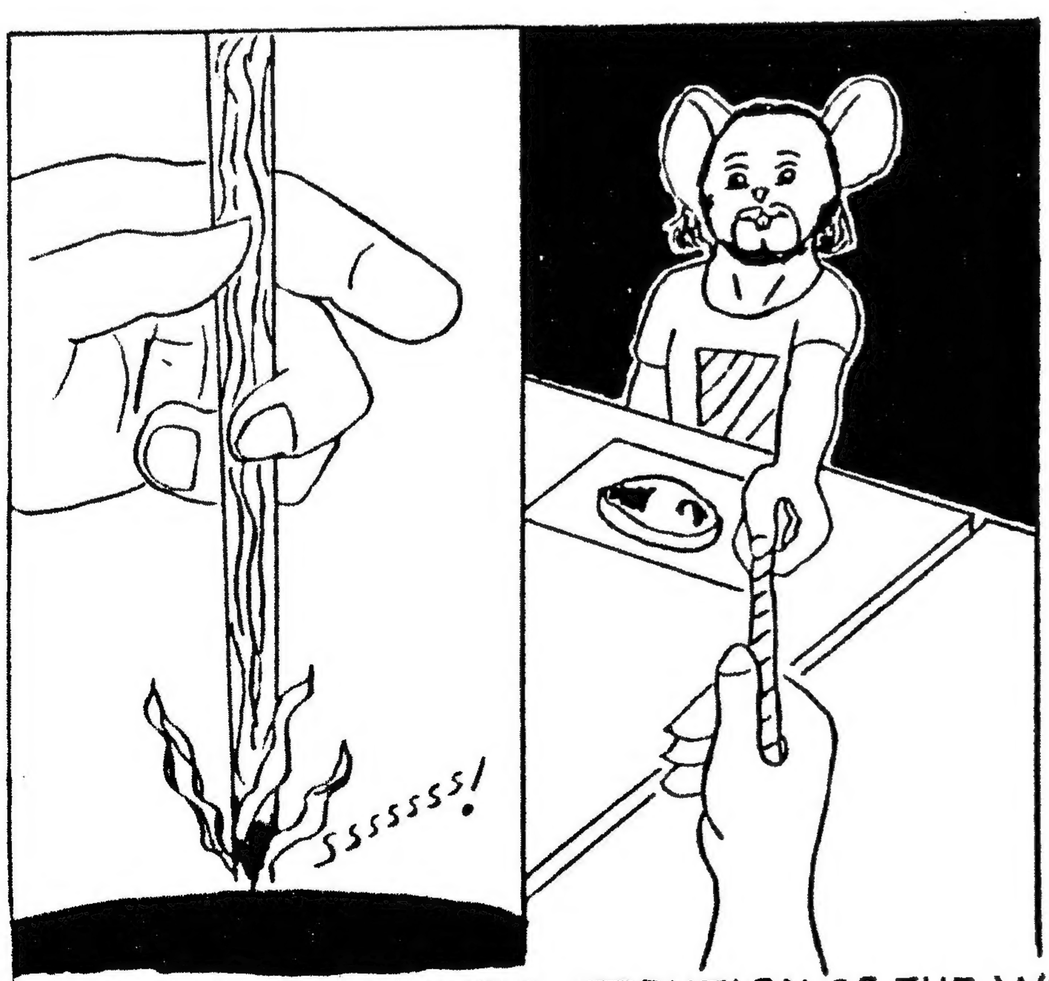
SIMON WAS FOOLISH ENOUGH TO INSULT GERARD ASHWORTH AND NEARLY PAID THE ULTIMATE PRICE FOR IT.



OOPSI SORRY SIMON.

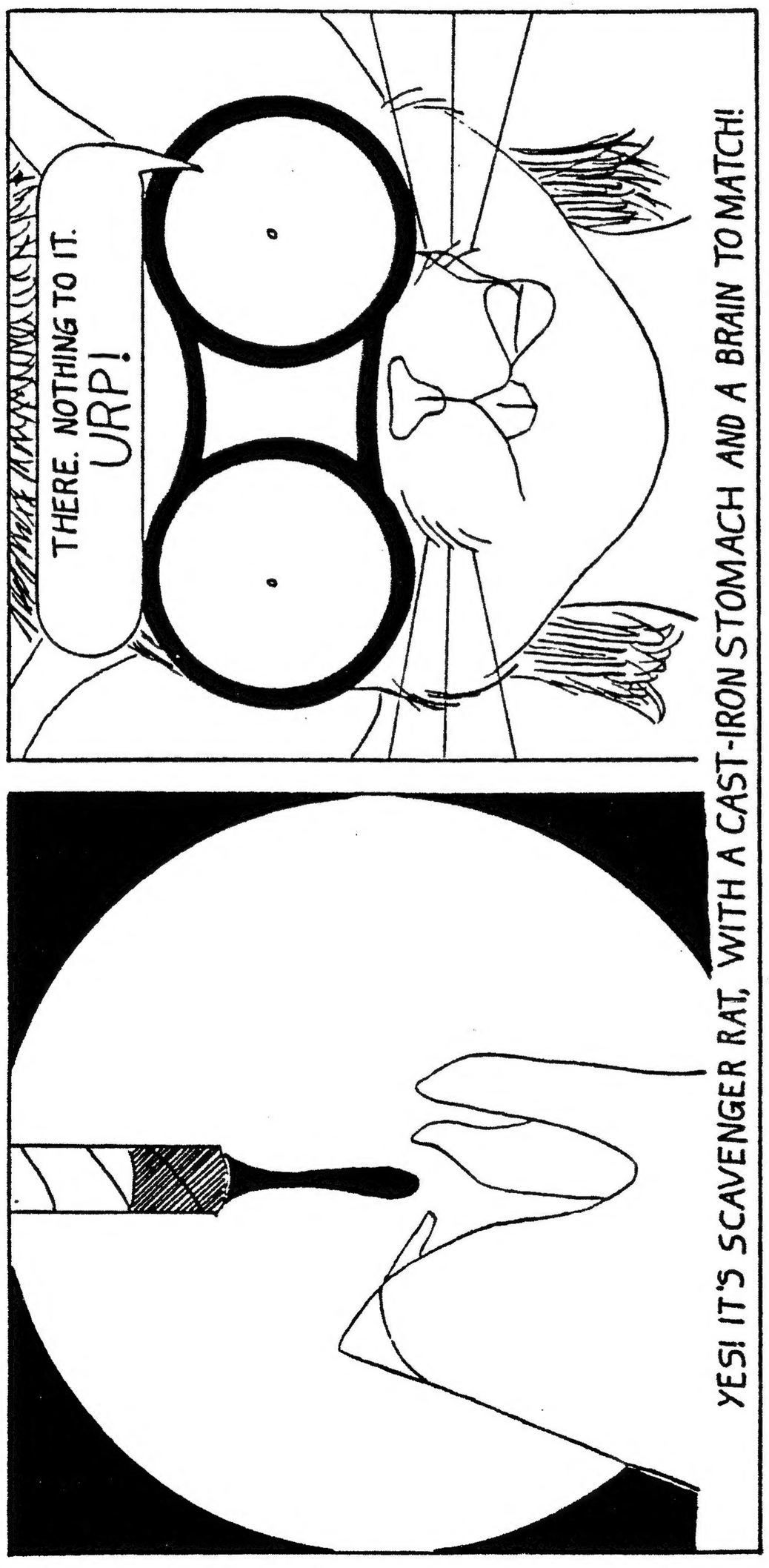


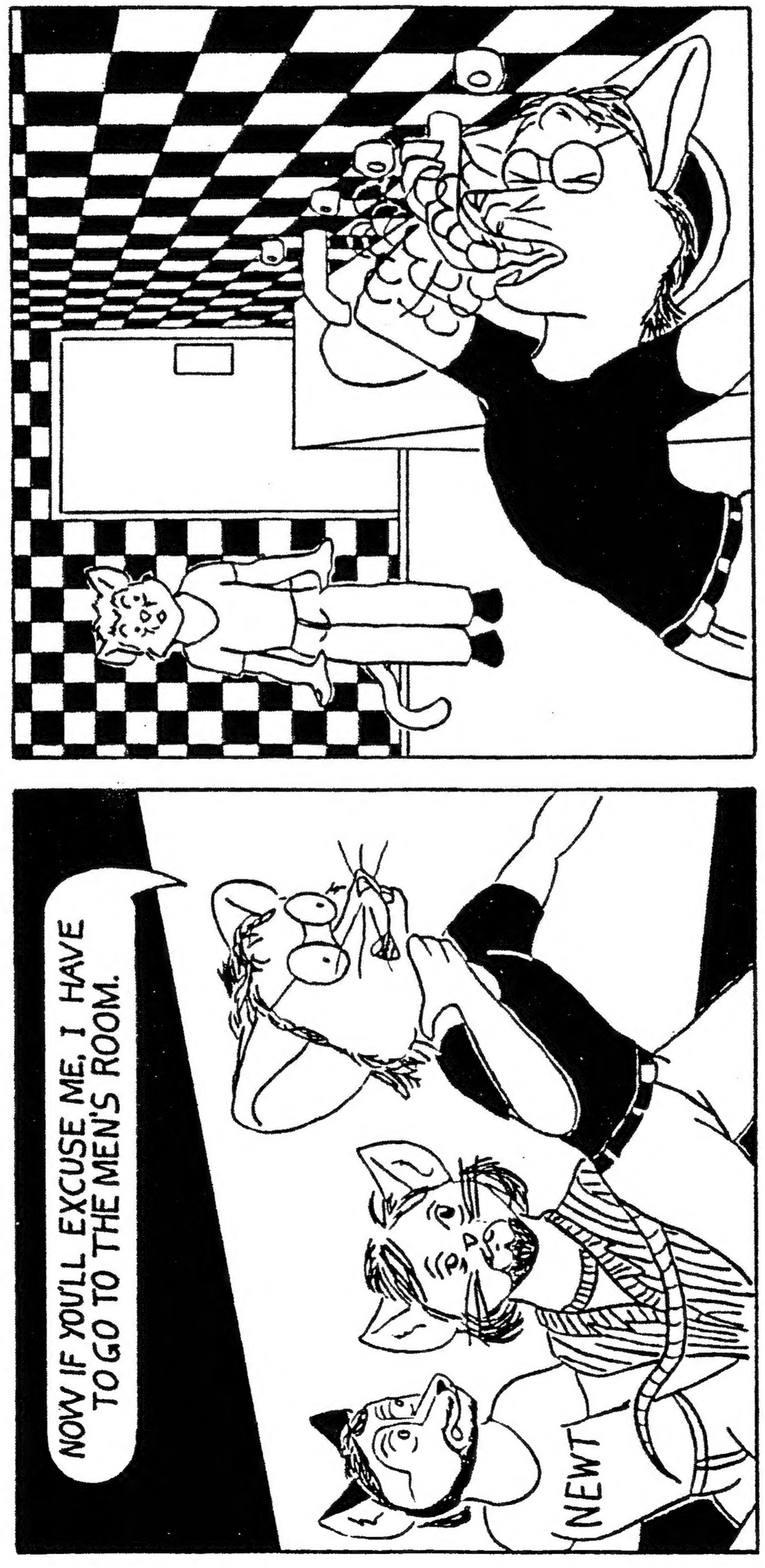
DETERMINED TO PROVE I DON'T NEED ANYONE'S HELP TO MAKE A FOOL OF MYSELF, I DECIDED TO DISPLAY MY UNCANNY SCAVENGING ABILITIES.

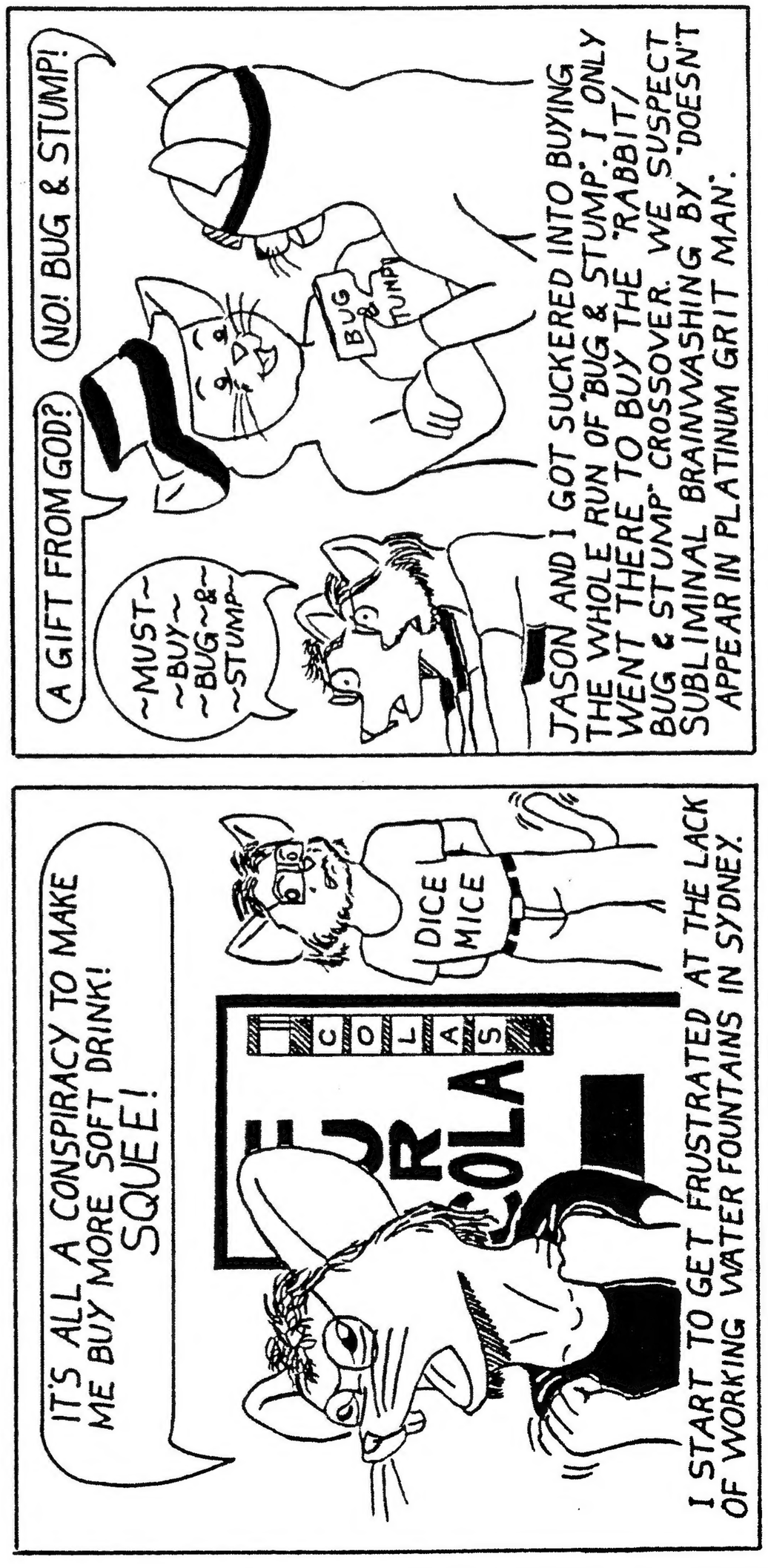




BY THIS TIME I HAVE THE ATTENTION OF THE WHOLE TABLE, SO I COULDN'T BACK OUT.


THERE. NOTHING TO IT.
URP!
YES! IT'S SCAVENGER RAT, WITH A CAST-IRON STOMACH AND A BRAIN TO MATCH!

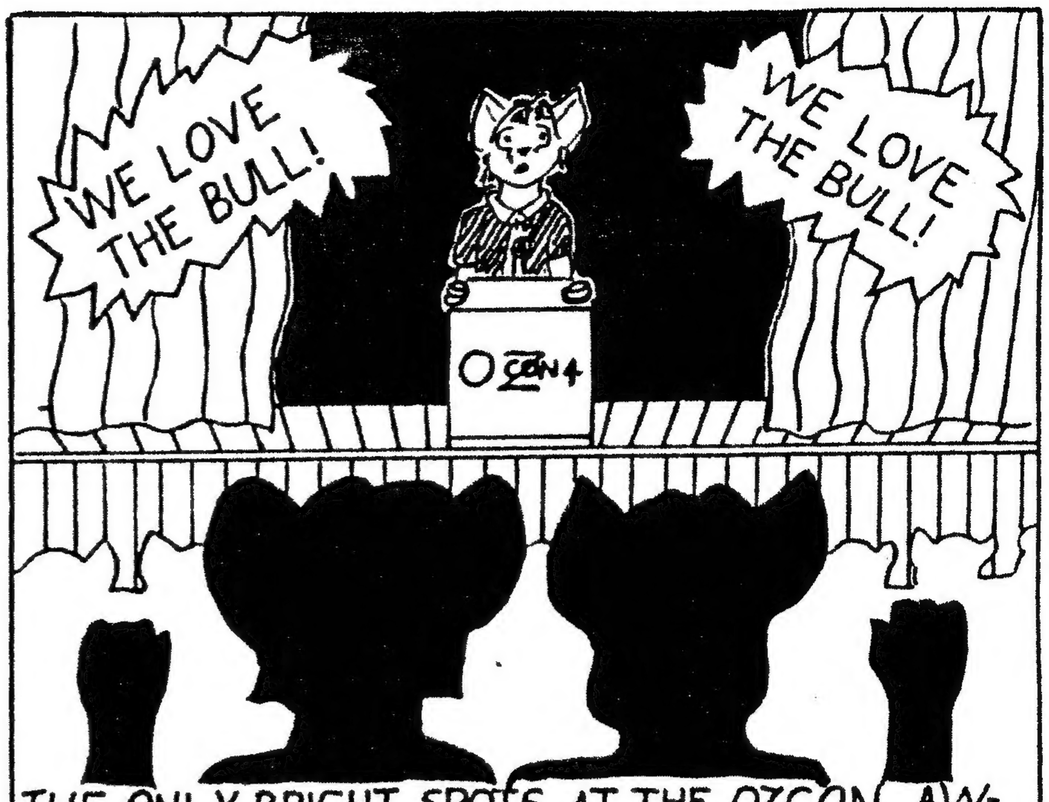

NOW IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME, I HAVE TO GO TO THE MEN'S ROOM.
NEWT


A GIFT FROM GOD?
NO! BUG & STUMP!
~MUST~ ~BUY~ ~BUG~&~ ~STUMP~
BUG & STUMP
JASON AND I GOT SUCKERED INTO BUYING THE WHOLE RUN OF "BUG & STUMP". I ONLY WENT THERE TO BUY THE "RABBIT/ BUG & STUMP" CROSSOVER. WE SUSPECT SUBLIMINAL BRAINWASHING BY "DOESN'T APPEAR IN PLATINUM GRIT MAN".

IT'S ALL A CONSPIRACY TO MAKE ME BUY MORE SOFT DRINK! SQUEE!
COLAS
DICE MICE
I START TO GET FRUSTRATED AT THE LACK OF WORKING WATER FOUNTAINS IN SYDNEY.



SOMEHOW, WE SAT THROUGH A CLICHE RIDDEN CARTOON CALLED "WILDCATS".



THE ONLY BRIGHT SPOTS AT THE OZCON AWARDS WERE NOMINATIONS FOR "GREENER PASTURES", 'THAT DAMNED BULL' THE ANNOUNCER CALLED IT, AND "BUG & STUMP" BEING VOTED FAVOURITE AUST TITLE 1995.



JUST BEFORE THE END OF THE CON, KRIS SHOWED US COPIES OF HIS "ROBERT & KATRINA" STRIP.



HE EVEN GAVE ME SOME POINTERS ON INKING.



JASON AND DANIEL PUNISH ME FOR MY INDISCRETIONS BY PLAYING THE NASAL VERSION OF "THE GIRL FROM EPANEMA".



WHEN WE GOT HOME, JASON REMEMBERS THAT HE FORGOT TO PACK HIS PYJAMAS AND GETS THEM MAILED BACK.


I feel terrible, Doc. Last week I brought up three cups of bright red blood.
Mmm... that doesn't sound too good.
Where do you think the blood's coming from, Doctor?
Never mind the blood. Where are the cups coming from?
©Craig Hilton 1994

Doc Rat 10





Grant Freckleton

I like to watch humans doing mundane stuff and then make them furry. These were two people on an on-campus café... I changed the surroundings into a diner/roadhouse when I saw some clips from *Pulp Fiction* which I really loved when I watched in full. (Anyone seen the *HUZZAH!* webpage?)

Grant Freckleton

I'm a raptorphile (on a purely platonic level of course...) and could spend my whole life drawing birds of prey. This image is one of about ten thousand...probably my personal furry if it worked out more rather than eating curry and pizza and watching TV.





Chick Pea Blues

Story by Paul Kidd / Art by Craig Hilton



Chick Pea Blues Craig Hilton ©1995

characters Sandhri and Zhu © Paul Kidd

"Chick peas! Chick peas! Iss no v'ay for a girl to live!"

"Oh shut up, Sandhri. Eat your food."

Sandhri tipped her fez down across her brow. The girl was skinny as an eel; a bony black wingless Bat with great sly eyes and hair that spilled around her like a streaming white waterfall. The little beggar crouched like a frog and peered at the stewpot in disgust.

"I hate chick peas!"

"Well they're all I could find, so you'll eat them and like it!"

Zhu sat regally in the market-place dust, stirring a battered stewpot with a stolen ladle. The little Fox-girl had the hauteur of an aristocrat, despite the liberal coating of dust and fleas. A day of playing her pipes in the market-place had yielded the grand total of one and a half *dinar*, scarcely enough to buy a handful of dried peas. Zhu treated their paltry meal as a feast; Sandhri grumbled and sullenly watched the cauldron boil.

The two girls sat in an island of peace while all about them boiled the chaos of the Shah's grand bazaar. Furry crowds surged and bubbled through a thousand market stalls, merchants roared out the virtues of their wares, and minarets soared overhead like lances stabbing at the clouds. There were gaudy rugs and armoured guards, screeching parrots and troupes of rodent harem girls. A pair of camels stalked past, giving the pair of beggars a wary berth as Sandhri gave a great predatory yawn.

"Sandhri iss tired. This iss a stupid town."

"Beggars cannot be choosers."

"V'e do not beg. V'e are street performers. V'e giff our genius to the people." The skinny Bat withered her companion with a regal glance. "Sandhri does not take anything that iss not earned."

"Indeed?" Zhu's long fluffy tail gave an expressive curve. "So you would never fast-talk some poor idiot out of hïs wares?"

"Something taken with a story iss *earned*, not stolen! It iss merely like being paid to tell a tale."

The fox regally folded up her arms.

"Nothing of value ever comes for free."

"Pah! Rubbish! If you are smart then you can alv'ays make somet'ing out of nothing."

Sandhri settled herself and glowered at the passing crowds. She ground her fangs as wealthy citizens walked by.

"Money. Pah — Never haff v'e any money. V'en are we going to make it rich?"



"Really Sandhri, you shall have to learn patience and fortitude." Zhu sipped at the thin stew of boiled peas and froze her face into a gracious mask. She somehow managed to swallow the mess and gently put the spoon back down. "If you want money, why don't you go tell another story?"

"Sandhri's stories iss too good for this place!"

"Ha!"

"Ha? You keep your 'ha'!" Sandhri placed an expressive hand against her chest. "Sandhri iss meant for better things! One day I v'ill tell my stories to those who appreciate true genius."

Zhu brushed at her tattered vest, prouder than a Queen.

"Far better if you plan your days and work with greater care."

"You are a timid little cuss! Stick v'ith Sandhri, and she v'ill show you how to live!"

A delicate feather of scent wove its way through the bazaar; Sandhri's eyes dilated as she quivered underneath its caress. The girl's toothy jaw dropped

open in greed as Zhu continued to stir their pot of chick pea stew.

"My dear Sandhri, you simply must learn self control. Life's bounty comes to those who show true worth. Through grace and calm we...

"Sandhri? Sandhri, are you listening to me?"

The delicious smell of sizzling meat captured Sandhri's soul. The girl stood staring as if rapt in a holy vision, and her whole body began to shake with greed.

"Sausages! Oh sausages so tasty-sweet!" Sandhri swirled and danced beneath her streaming hair. "Crunchy skins and fresh hot bread — garlic sauce and onions!" The girl snatched Zhu by the collar and whisked her along the streets. "Come! Quick!"

"But the chick peas!"

"Chick peas? Chick peas? Pah! Sandhri v'ill show you how to eat like a king!"

"But..."

"Hush!"

Sandhri propelled Zhu to a street corner and gazed in rapture at a brightly coloured market stall. A wide awning covered a griddle that popped and steamed with treasure, and fat sausages lay glistening above the coals, skins crisping until they shone like jewels. Hot bread leapt straight from the oven, its scent swirling through the air like a glorious perfume. The Bat licked her chops and started forward, only to be snatched back by her friend Zhu.

"Stop! Can't you read the sign?"

"Of course Sandhri can read it!"

"Really? So what does it say?"

Sandhri glanced across the road, blinking in incomprehension as she saw the painted sign. Zhu watched her carefully and folded up her arms.

"Well?"

"Um...Sandhri hass a speck of dust in her eye."

"Quite." Zhu screwed up her nose. "The sign informs us that sausages are two dinar apiece."

"Good! Sandhri v'ill eat only the best!"

"Two dinar?" Zhu drove a hand down the front of her tattered harem blouse and searched for a coin. "Sandhri, we don't have any money!"

"Money, money!" Sandhri sat Zhu upon a stone and began to pace furiously up and down. "Zhu, you haff much to learn. Iss good thing Sandhri iss here to look after you."

"What?"

"Alv'ays v'ith you everything iss glum. 'Time you realised that life iss an adventure, and v'e are conquering heroes!"

"We are beggars."

"Beggars? Never! V'e are street performers, the nobility of the gutters!" Sandhri beat a fist between her scrawny breasts. "V'e do not take, v'e give! If the crowds do not throw us money, then the loss is their own. V'at do v'e care for their gold, jewels and silly hats?"

"I'd like a silly hat."

"Shush! V'e care not'ing for mere possessions, for v'e haff treasures of the soul!" Sandhri posed and flung her hands towards the skies. "As a noble, the v'orld iss yours! Great Allah smiles upon the clever. Come! Observe a true master at her v'ork."

The girl swept her hair out like a cloak and strode grandly across the road. Inside the sausage stall, a great fat Badger praised his wares with a mighty roar.

"Sausages! Fine fresh sausages..."



Sandhri paused and inspected the griddle. There were thick sausages and thin, frying onions and garlic, and a great pot of stew bubbled mysteriously above the coals. The Badger spied Sandhri and thrust at her with a dirty wooden spoon.

"Away, beggar! Take thy fleas elsewhere!"

"Fleas!" Sandhri drew herself erect in shock. "My sheep do not haff fleas!"

"Sheep? What sheep?"

"The sheep v'e haff sold at this miserable marketplace." Sandhri tried to snap her fingers beneath the merchant's nose, then remembered that she didn't know how. She contented herself with a lofty stare. "Your city stinks! Only half our stock haff v'e sold, all because our sheep are black!"

"Black sheep?" The massive Badger scratched his swaying belly. "What nonsense is this?"

"Ha! They say the flesh of black sheep iss poison. V'at do they know about it? Just because they eat a little nightshade now and then! Iss good for the blood. Are city men so weak?"

"Nightshade!" The merchant took one step back into his stall. "Would you poison your customers?"

"Who, me? Neffer!" Sandhri rubbed her hands together and approached the sausages. "Now here iss lamb! Sausages of finestkind! You seem a man who appreciates good flesh? Can I interest you in a few black sheep?"

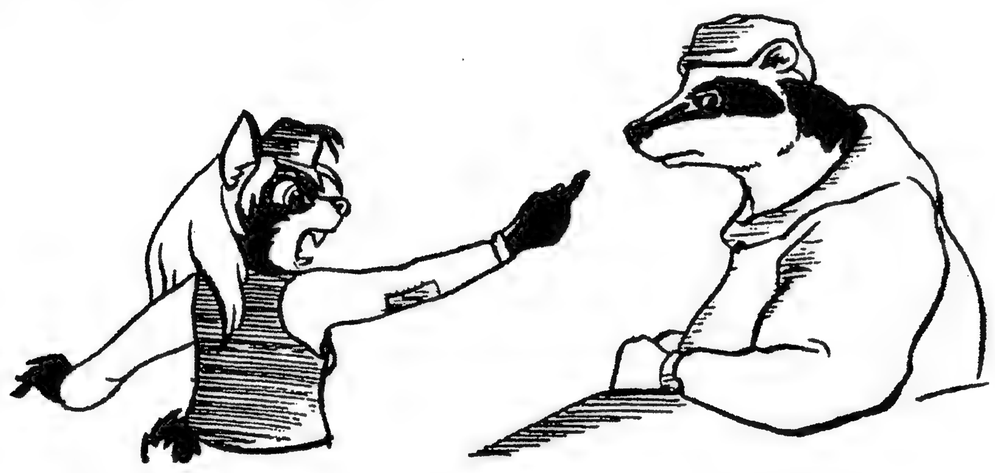
"What? Nightshade sausages? The Guard would have my head!"

"Nonsense! These ones you have here are probably made from black sheep anyv'ay."

The Badger paled; he went to look at this wares and prodded them with a stick.

"Made of black sheep? How can you tell?"

"Any shepherd knows. Nightshade giffs the flesh a succulent flavour." The girl licked her lips. "Sandhri could find out for you. Giff her a sausage, and v'e shall see if it is poisoned..."



The merchant's eyes suddenly grew sharp, and he quickly snatched the sausages far out of Sandhri's reach.

"You're the little wretch who tells stories in the market-place!"

Sandhri gave a desperate cry and moved closer to the grill.

"A traditional habit of shepherds!"

"Out! Go beg sausages elsewhere!"

"But the poison..."

"Mistress of a thousand lies, be gone!"

The Badger imperiously turned aside and dusted off his hands. Sandhri leapt and pranced in fury as Zhu dragged her forcibly away.

"Molester of toads! May your daughter wed a cuttlefish and name her firstborn after you!"

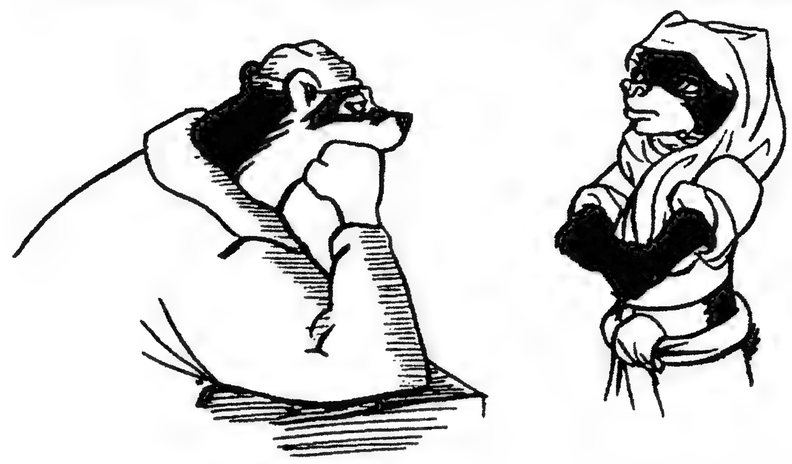
"Sandhri, shush!"

"Well, what sort of man iss he? Trying to poison his own customers!" The scrawny black bat sank down beneath her streaming hair. "I'll get him. Just you watch."

"There *are* chick peas..."

"Chick peas? You v'ould eat chick peas v'en there iss a feast just beyond our grasp?" Sandhri instantly leapt to her feet. "Stay here and Sandhri v'ill provide!"

Zhu sat glumly by the road. Moments later a skinny figure wreathed in a turban made from an old gunny sack strutted over to the sausage stall.



"Ho t'ere! I am Abdul Ibn Kabad, Chief Inspector of the sausage stalls!"

The merchant turned towards his visitor and gave a weary sigh.

"Are you really?"

"I haff heard that your sausages are intolerable! Bring them forth, and I shall test their v'orth!"

The merchant glared at Sandhri and folded up his arms.

"Go away."

"Oh please?"

"No!"

"Just one?"

"Be gone."

Sandhri tore away the turban and departed. Moments later she came dragging herself along the street, badly disguised with a false moustache and clutching a board sheathed in old barnacles.



"Sustenance! Sustenance for a shipwrecked sailor!"

"Go away!"

The beggar girl stamped away and sat cross-legged on a bale of hay. She propped her chin on her hand and glowered out across her false moustache.

"He can squirm all he likes! He iss no match for Sandhri's genius!"

"Really, Sandhri." Zhu elegantly gestured with her tail. "Why won't you just come back and eat your dinner in peace? Unfulfilled dreams are less than smoke upon the wind."

"Smoke!" Sandhri dashed down and planted a lusty kiss hard on Zhu's cold black nose. "Brilliant! Smoke it is!"



Seconds later, Sandhri dashed across the road with a lamp snatched from another stall. She dumped blazing oil across the hay bale and happily fanned the flames with her hair as Zhu gave a screech of fright and dove for cover. Sandhri tossed the lamp aside and streaked toward the sausage stall.

"Fire! Fire! Run — assassins, arson, *taxes*, burning!"

Merchants raised their heads and blinked in shock; Sandhri pranced about in panic as smoke billowed through the sky.

"Fire! Call the Guard! Hide your daughters!" The girl leapt and snatched the stewpot from the sausage merchant's fire. "Save yourselves! I'll go get some water!"

"Hey! Hey, put that down!"

Sandhri raced off down the street with the cauldron dangling from one skinny fist. The sausage merchant clawed out into the road and turned the colour of a bursting plum.

"My dinner! Stop, thief! Stop!" The man gave a roar of rage and tore his hair. "Someone get that girl! Twenty dinars to whoever takes her!"

Coffee houses instantly emptied as the crowds caught scent of money. Sandhri snatched Zhu by the hand and ran with dust spurting from her heels, and Zhu wailed as a hundred angry merchants screamed out for their blood.

The markets exploded into chaos; fruit stalls overturned, sending oranges hurtling like cannonballs through the crowds. A camel gave a scream and lunged through a sleeping camp of dervishes. Sandhri, the stewpot and Zhu streaked off beneath a row of horses, turned left into the fish market and disappeared beneath a cloud of flies.

Fishwives hurtled cleavers, knives and mullets as the fugitives sped past; baying hordes snapped furiously at the beggars' heels. A rain of anchovies showered down across the pursuit as Sandhri overturned a stall. The girls burst through a puppet show and ran on through the markets with a booth and curtain hanging around their ears.

Soldiers, merchants and customers milled like a tribe of ants; battling men fought through the fish and stood searching for the thieves while guards stood beside a basket stall and scratched their heads in puzzlement.

Steam rose from one of the baskets. A guard gave a shout; Sandhri and the stewpot erupted instantly from hiding and dashed off down the road. Zhu peeked out from a basket and gave a squeak as a scimitar slashed her refuge clean in two. The girl sat blinking in the light until Sandhri leapt up from behind the guard, struck him with her cauldron and dragged Zhu off into the streets.

Pursued by a mighty wave of enemies, Zhu glared straight into Sandhri's eyes.

"Have I ever told you how much I hate you?"

Their line of flight led straight down into a tangled mass of coffee houses. The guards halted their pursuit and carefully covered the exits. One by one the doorways were entered and searched.

Two guards pushed into a dark and gloomy hall lit by hundreds of cheap brass lamps. Sailors and desert nomads sat hunched over cups of coffee while they sealed pacts and alliances. On a stage at the far end of the room, a dozen belly dancing mice gyrated for the crowd. The women were sleek and fully fleshed — all except for one girl, who had the figure of a piece of knotted string. Of all the dancing girls,



characters Sandhi and Zhu © Paul Kidd

she was also the only one apparently having a good time. She tapped and wobbled in a step all of her own while the other dancers glowered at her and ground their teeth in hate.

Both city guardsmen crossed the floor and stood watching in amazement as the skinny belly dancer passed them by.

An officer finally stalked into the hall and approached his men.

"Well?"

"Nothing, sir. They must have used the sewers."

"Good riddance to them." The officer clicked his fingers. "Come! There's work to do."

The soldiers turned to go, and each gave a last glance towards the stage. One of the men pushed back his helmet and gave a despairing sigh.

"The quality of entertainment in these places just gets worse and worse!"

"True. You can tell the skinny one on the left end is a boy."

Sandhri gave a screech of outrage, but the soldiers had already gone. She hurtled a coffee pot at the door as Zhu dragged her back behind the stage.

"Sandhri!"

"Did you hear that?" The Bat leapt up and down in hysterical rage. "May his loin cloth be infested with brambles! May he win a thousand wives and be cursed with homosexuality!"

"He meant no harm." Zhu folded up her arms in disgust. "The poor man was merely voicing an opinion."

Sandhri gave a snort, dusted off her scrawny rump and glanced disdainfully towards her friend.

"Sandhri iss not skinny. She simply hass an understated elegance."

"Hmmph!"

Sandhri snatched up the little cauldron and hoisted it across her back. The two fugitives made their way beside the city wall and sat down in the shadow of a line of fishing boats. Sandhri poked her tongue out at the crowds and polished up the stewpot with her sleeve.

"Ha! So now you see! Through ingenuity, v'e haff food. From nothing, Sandhri creates a feast! Am I not clever?"

"You're a pain in the arse!" Zhu crouched miserably beside the wall and sank into a sulk. "Nothing good can ever come of thievery."

"Nothing good?" Sandhri gave a little dance of glee. "Pah! Look at you, sour as an old blowfish. You need adventure! Each day is a time for us to learn." Sandhri swept the lid from the stewpot and raised a spoon to her lips. "Stick with me, and you shall never want for...

"Chick peas."

A foul-smelling sludge dripped down from Sandhri's ladle. The girl looked pathetically down into the cauldron, seeing nothing but a yellow mass of chick pea stew.



Calm descended over the market-place once more. A man wandered the streets selling dried fish while a goat ate prize tulips from a house's window box. Beside the city wall, two beggar girls ate their evening meal. Sandhri slumped, playing with the nauseous mass while Zhu primly served herself from the pot.

Zhu smoothed her tattered finery and gave a superior little smile.

"Every day is a time for learning, just as you say, and I hope we *both* learned something from this experience." Zhu neatly tapped the ladle and freed it of excess stew. "There is no quick way to success. When we cheat, we cheat no one but ourselves." The Fox kept her lashes drooping proudly across her eyes. "If we had spent the same time and effort in working as we have just spent in trickery, we should now be eating like kings! I trust that the lesson has been clear to all. Is that not so, Sandhri?

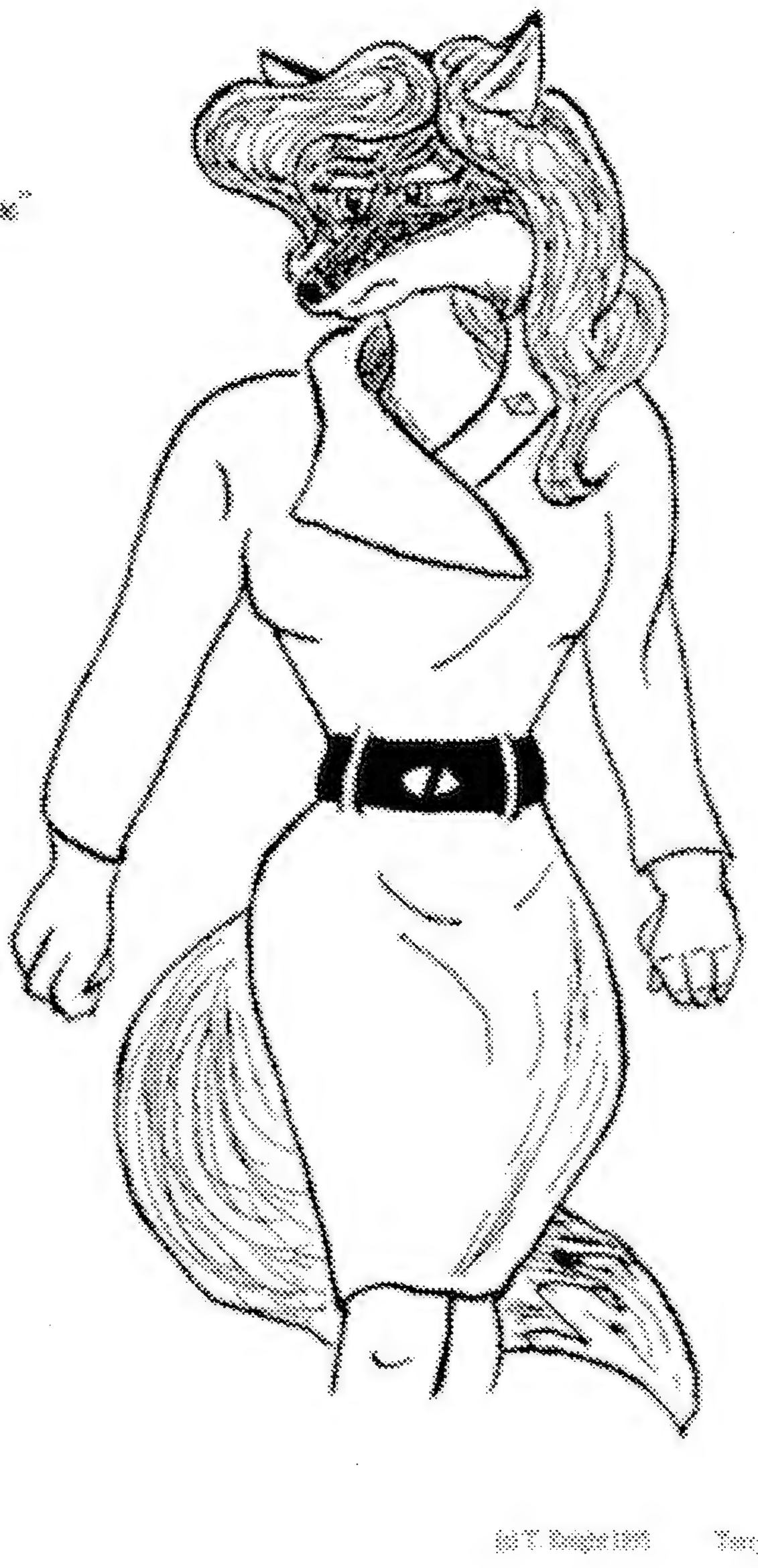
"Sandhri?"

Zhu scowled and looked across her shoulder. An overturned bowl of chick peas sat by the road; far across the street, Sandhri raced in pursuit of the fish merchant, her eyes gleaming with greed.

"Hey! Hey mister, wait! Good thing Sandhri caught you in time!

"Iss that fish from the left bank or the right?"

fin



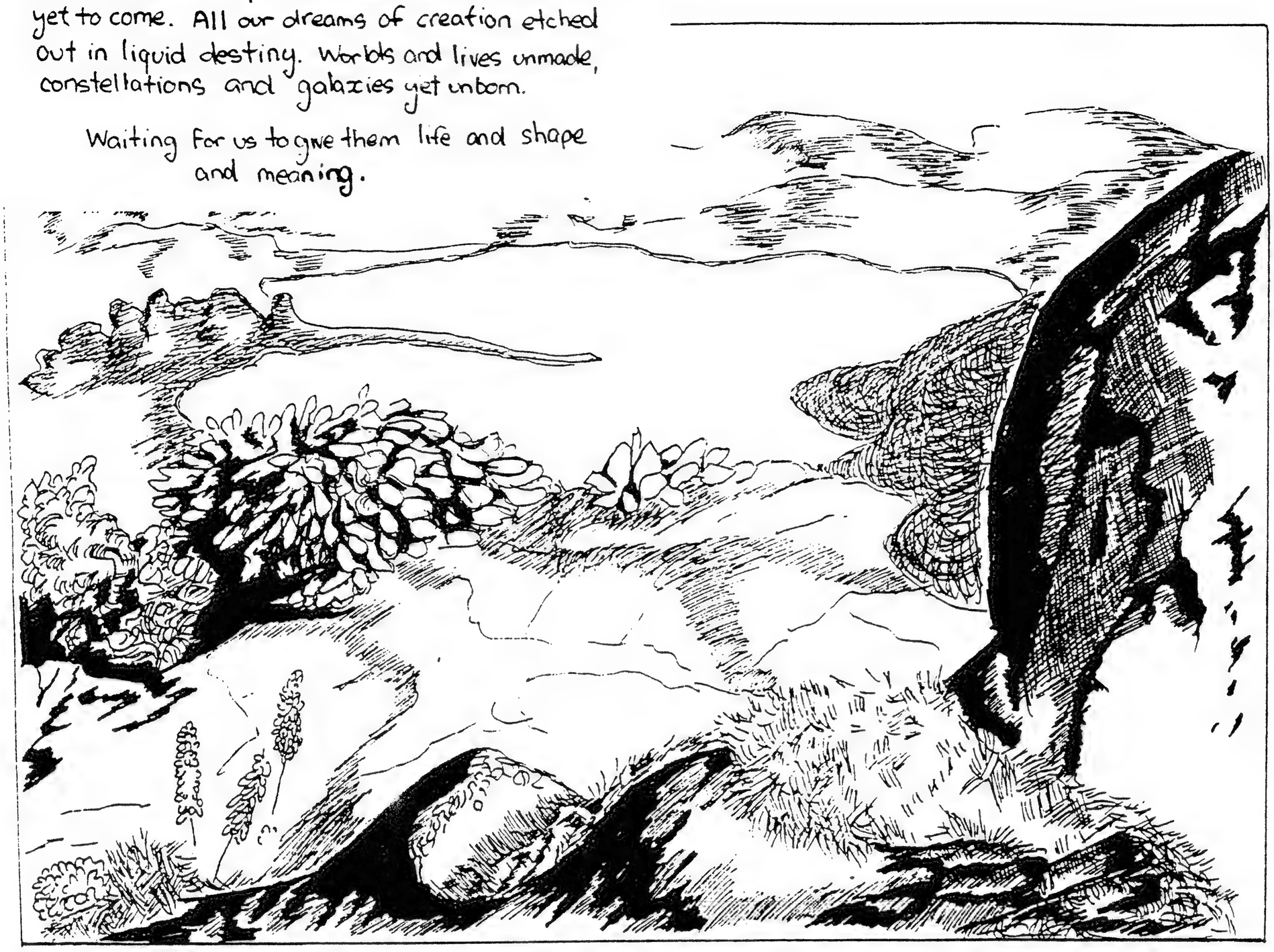
FIORA LEFLOUX, WALKING
Terry Knight

I was inspired by the "Zaibatsu Tears" story by Robert Bartrop in *Furrlough* (#21, 22, 24), in particular his character Pi. The outfit Fiora is wearing is very much based on one panel of the story.

Once there was a lake.

A beautiful lake that reflected all the skies and stars and landscapes that were and those that were yet to come. All our dreams of creation etched out in liquid destiny. Worlds and lives unmade, constellations and galaxies yet unborn.

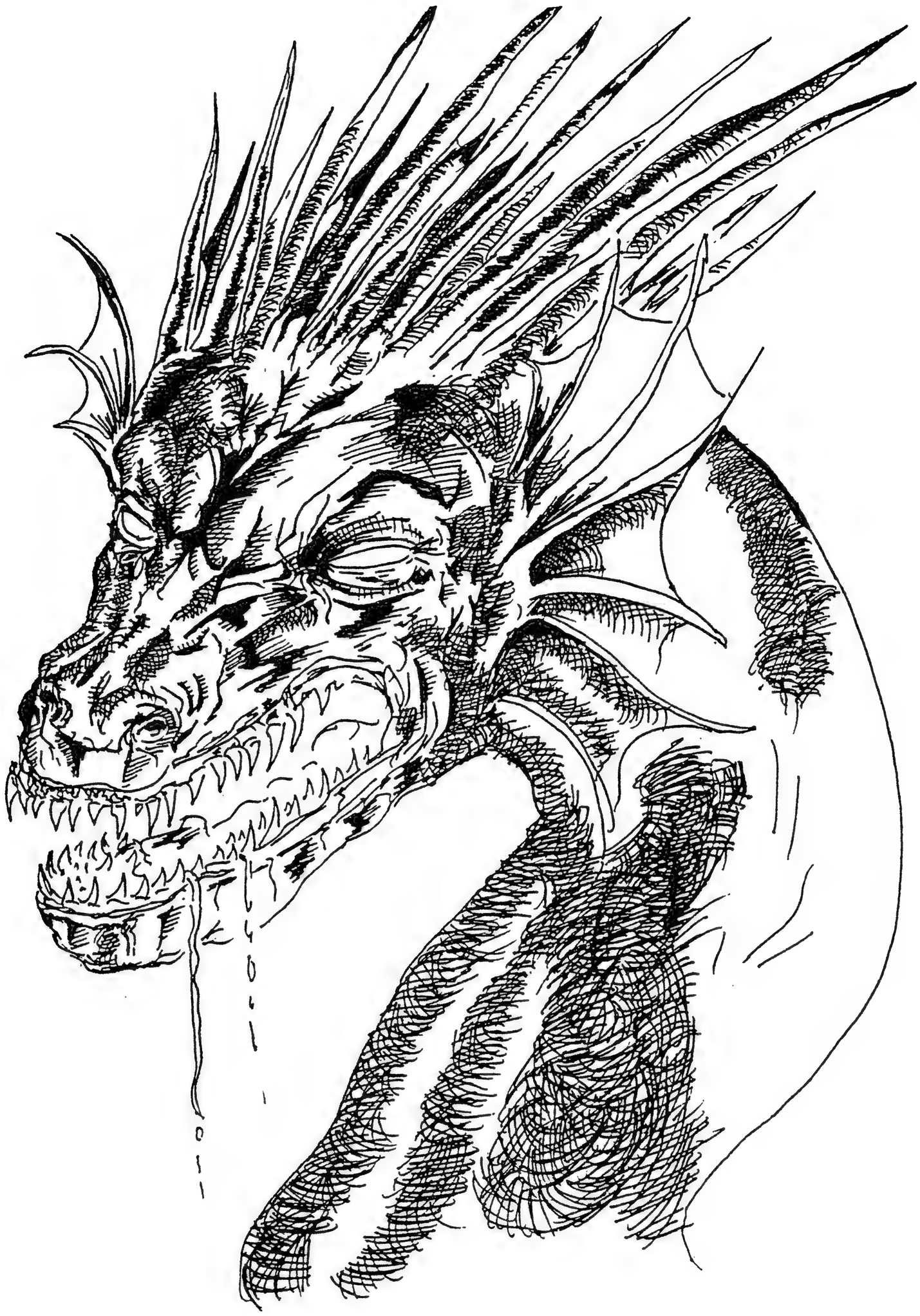
Waiting for us to give them life and shape and meaning.



There is a lake.

A burning pool of fire and rage, the moat around and under Craggenmire. It reflects the foulest desires of one's heart and no one can bear to stare into it, lest they tumble and fall, and be trapped forever beneath its unbreakable meniscus.

Only one can bare its glare, one who bathes in the pillars of flame; its despoiler, ravisher, corruption.



WYRM

Downward Spiral

His name can mean many things, it can be told in many words, it is his and his alone. He changed it so that the meaning takes on a more sinister aspect: Ashmaker, Devourer of Inner Light, Breaker of Worlds, Burning Claw.

Gahirinos.

Saugrin watched him destroy the world, from his vantage point in the muck. Imagine the landscape beyond the dark and the gut-rock walls of fell Craggenmire, a red desert cut by cyclones and smoking chasms. It was not always like that. NO. Once...

Wyrm © 1995 Belinda R Kelly. All rights reserved.

It was a quiet and contemplative land.
A country of ripe orchards and soft mountains, verdant forests and long grasslands, circled by shimmering summer seas.

It was our land, a bone tossed to a dog in some early primal war of which I do not speak.

Still, it was our home, in all of its clemency

We was not named Gahirinos back then, rather something simpler and non-malignant. Something that is now forgotten. He was loved as a creator. The one who had led us from our wanderings in the Abyss to this rich, mild land. He built all manner of wonders and things of great beauty, such that we followed in his footsteps and began many great works. We explored the hidden parts of ourselves and our limitless landscape - extracting meaning, defining it.

The cosmos was ours to roam, but still we returned to our heart land. Chains of stars, nebulae worlds filled with life and those worlds sculptured in rock.

Yet none could compare to the glory of the Summer Country. Often we would return from a long sojourn through the Abyss and when we saw our home it was though we saw it through newborn eyes.

Nothing could equal it.

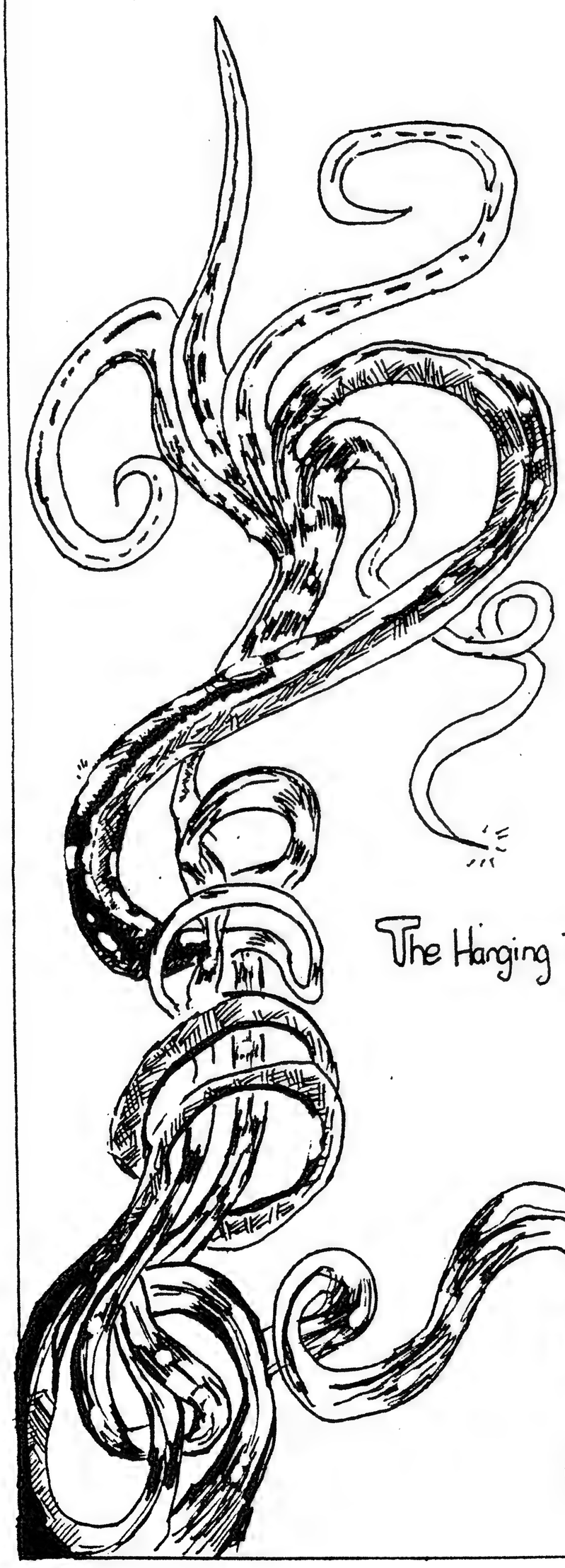
Yet a shadow dwelt in the heart of he who to become Gahirinos.



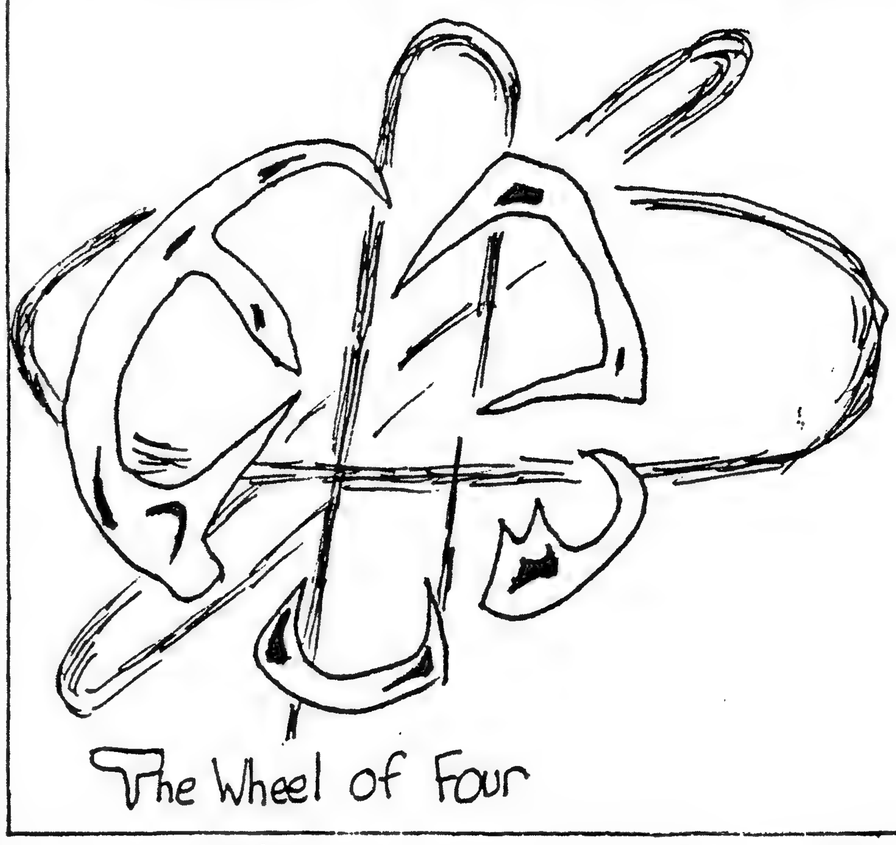
We saw that he was discontent, yet none could guess at its meaning.

He remained in thought for long eons.

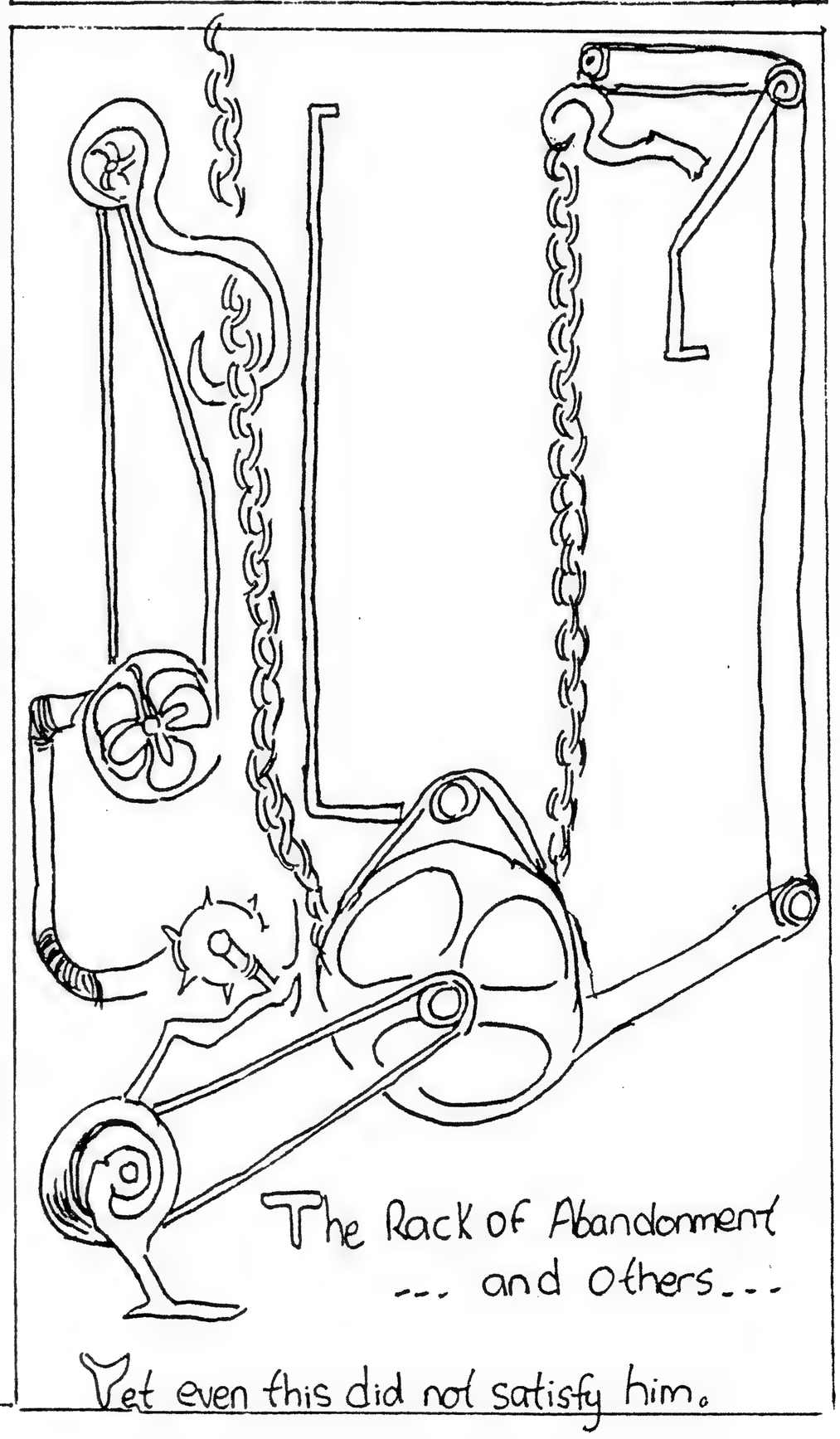
Then he shook off his torpor and embarked on strange projects that filled us all with an unknown fear.



The Hanging Tree

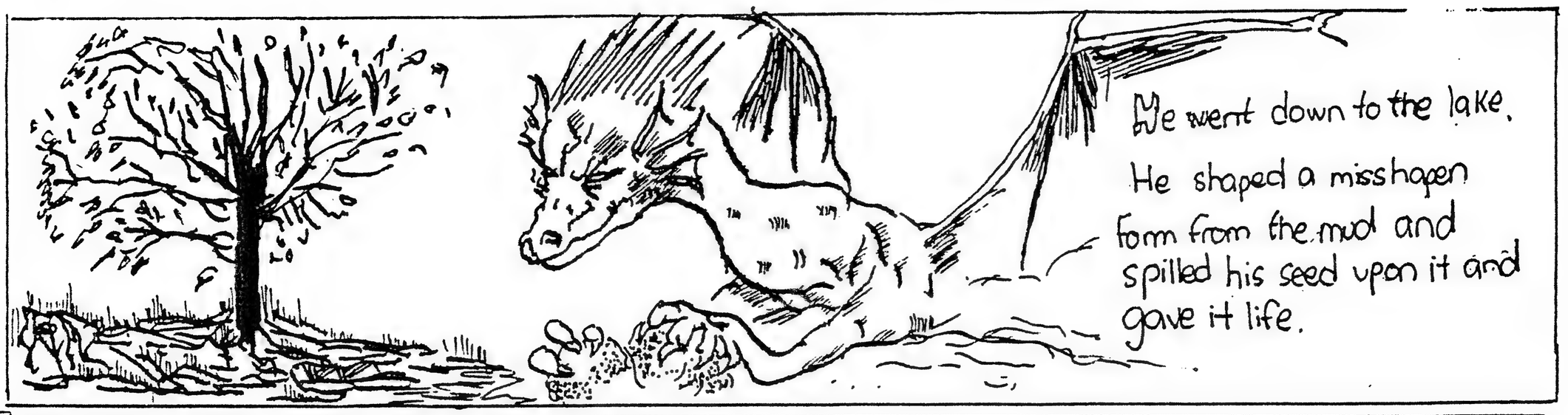


The Wheel of Four



The Rack of Abandonment
... and Others...

Yet even this did not satisfy him.





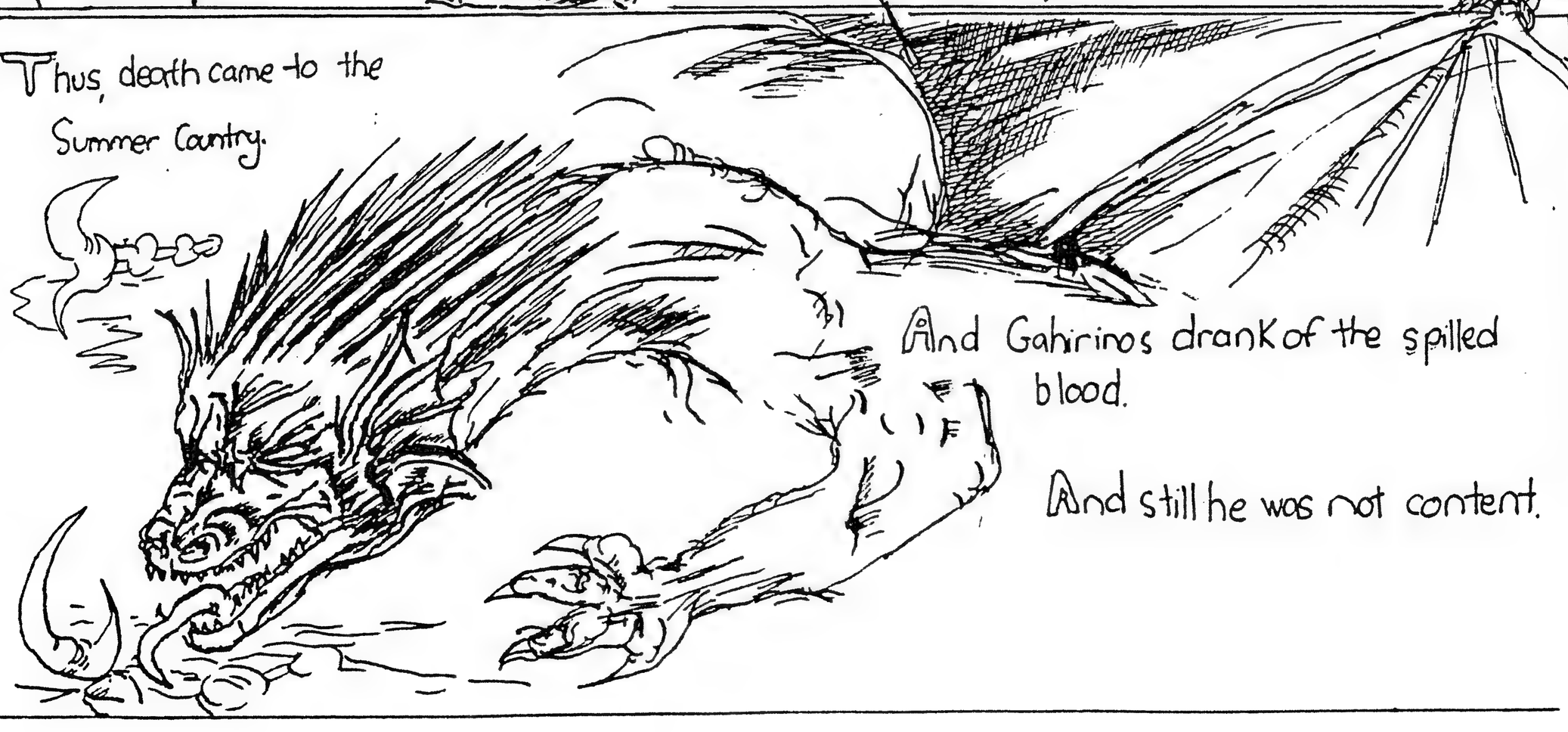
Among us was one called Khadar

He went to he who was to become Gahirinos and reproached him.





Thus, death came to the Summer Country.



And Gahirinos drank of the spilled blood.

And still he was not content.



He summoned a storm. And you watched him, Saugrin. You who hid away in the muck. You who were sucked into that terrible transformation. You watched as Gahirinos recreated the Summer Country into a violent wasteland of poisoned rivers and treacherous rocks, cruel winds and cutting mountains. The Lake of Dreams filled with fire. The earth ripped itself open and vomited up the jagged fortress called Craggenmire and the land howled beneath the fury of the storm.

Some were baked into the ground. A remnant escaped, descending like fireflies. The rest were consumed. The clockwork that set the eternal war in motion begins to tick. Aleph and Vile. Until the end of time, and none but I am left alive to watch.

I stare at the hidden truths in my pool of coagulating blood. I shall create perfection. I shall dream of it.

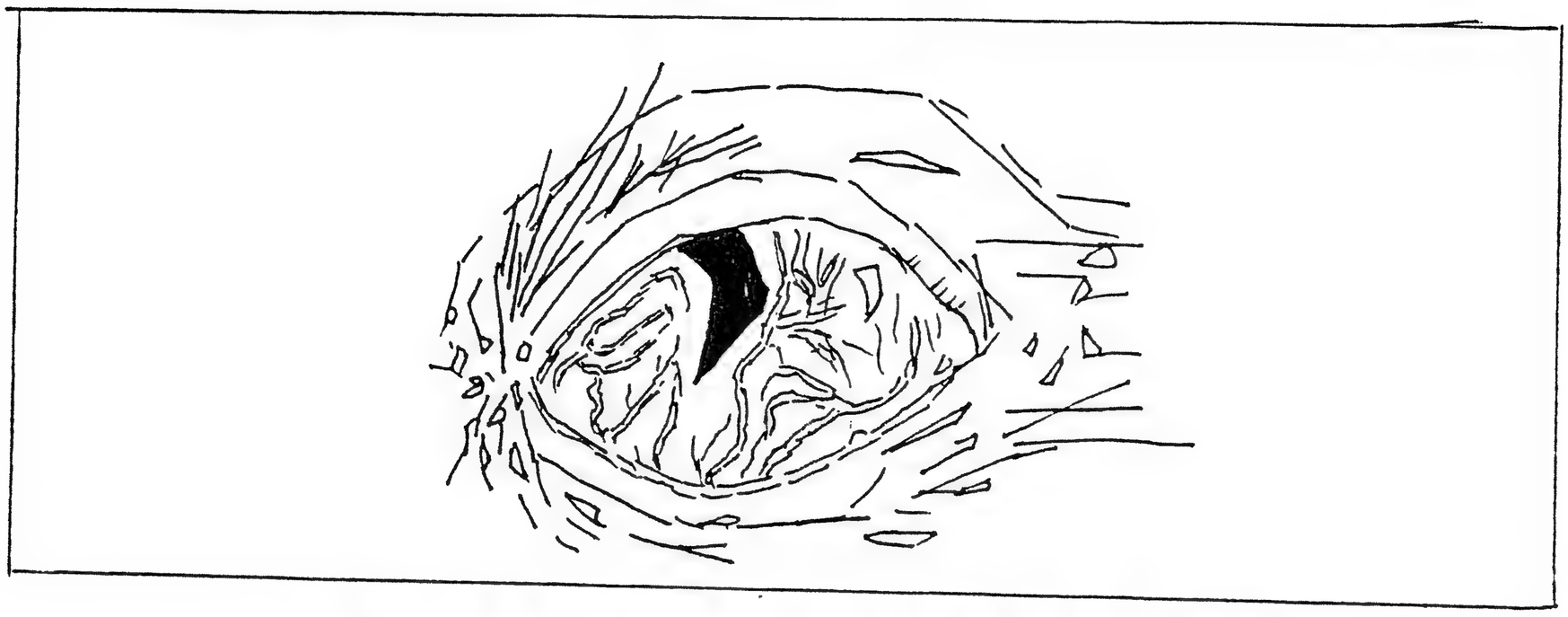
Tell me, captive, as your innards float down through my black waters to the Bleeding Pool, why is my name considered more terrible than his? Why is Gahirinos still spoken of in tender regret, while my name is spat out in all manner of loathing?

Answer me! Answer me! Is poor Saugrin too much for your beady eyes to behold? Must I suffer this way?

KHELBERU! MERCY!

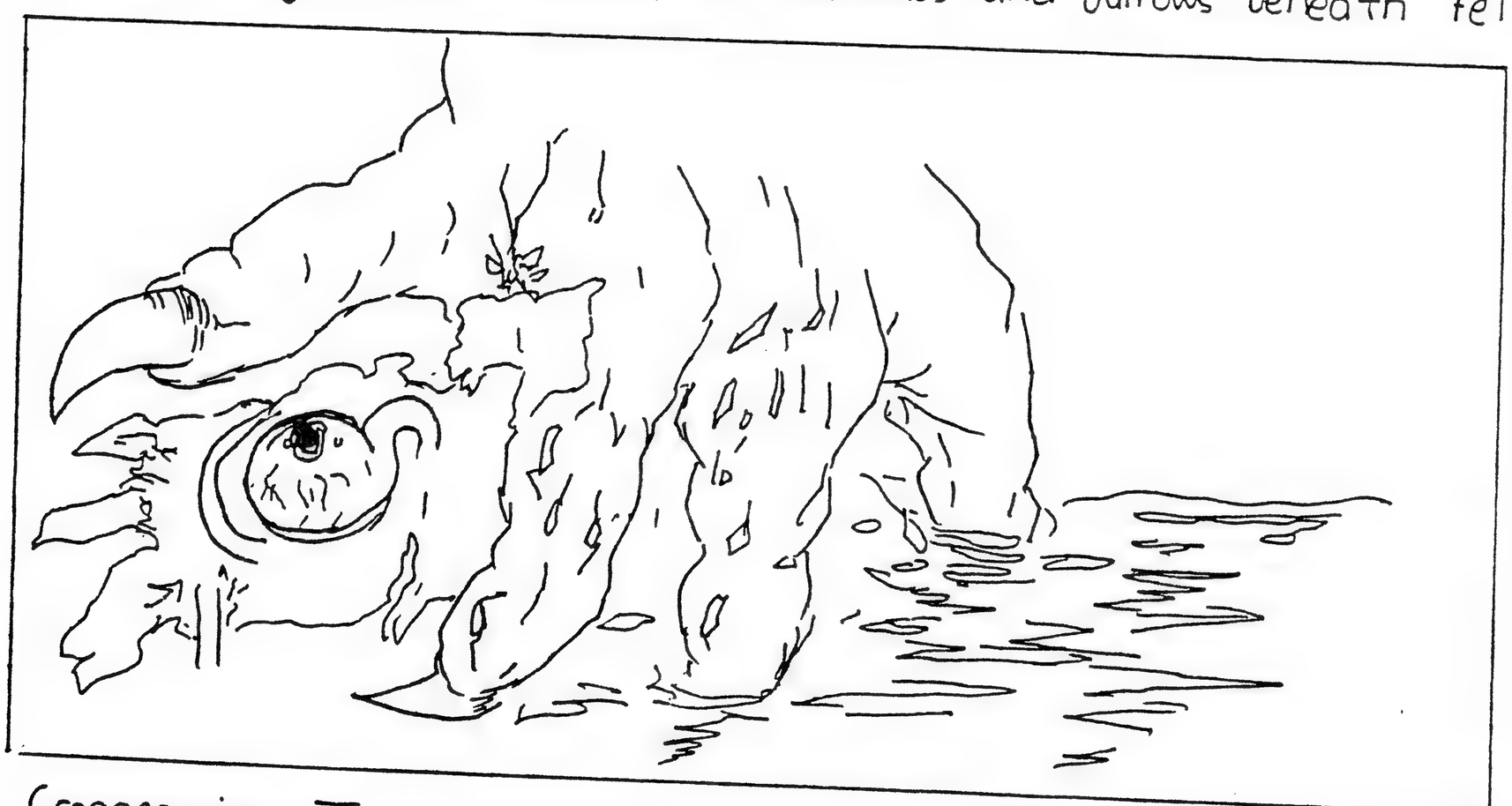
Khelberu is gone. I spit upon his stacked bones. Only Saugrin. Bellycrawler. Twisted, mangled fool that he is.

"Mercy? Let me show you the mercy Saugrin received from Gahirinos."



CRACK!

"He let Saugrin have the dark, the wormholes and barrows beneath fell



Craggenmire. I am the jailer to the Aleph captives sealed in stone, while the mireworms suck on my spinal fluids. I am a prisoner in a world where Gahirinos is the only reality... I bide my time and wait, to strike him down and devour... and one day, Saugrin, you shall see the lake's clear skies again.

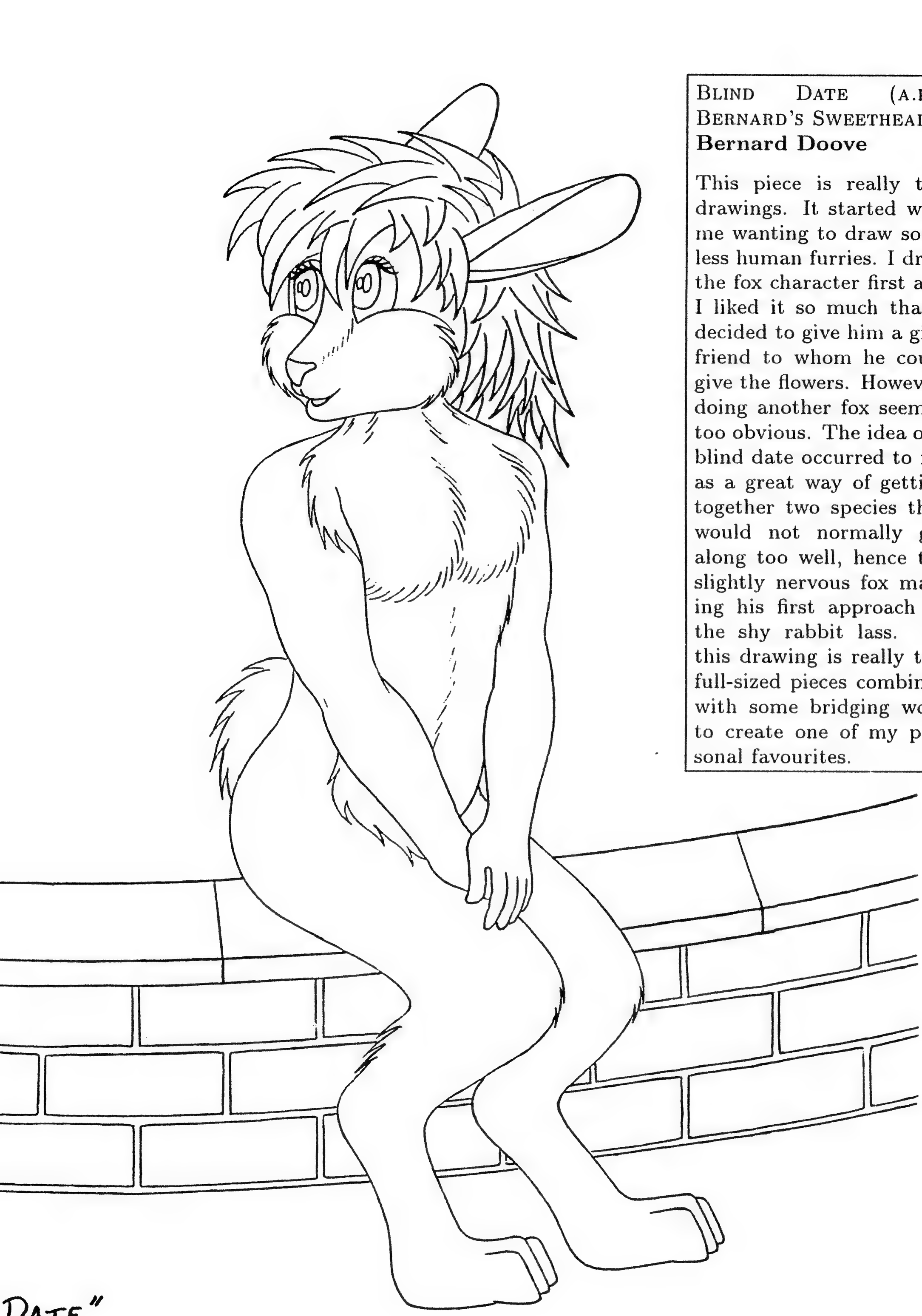
"It was a beautiful lake."

"MY FIRST THOUGHT WAS, HE LIED IN EVERY WORD."
Robert Browning



"BLIND

©'94 B



"BLIND DATE"
© Doove

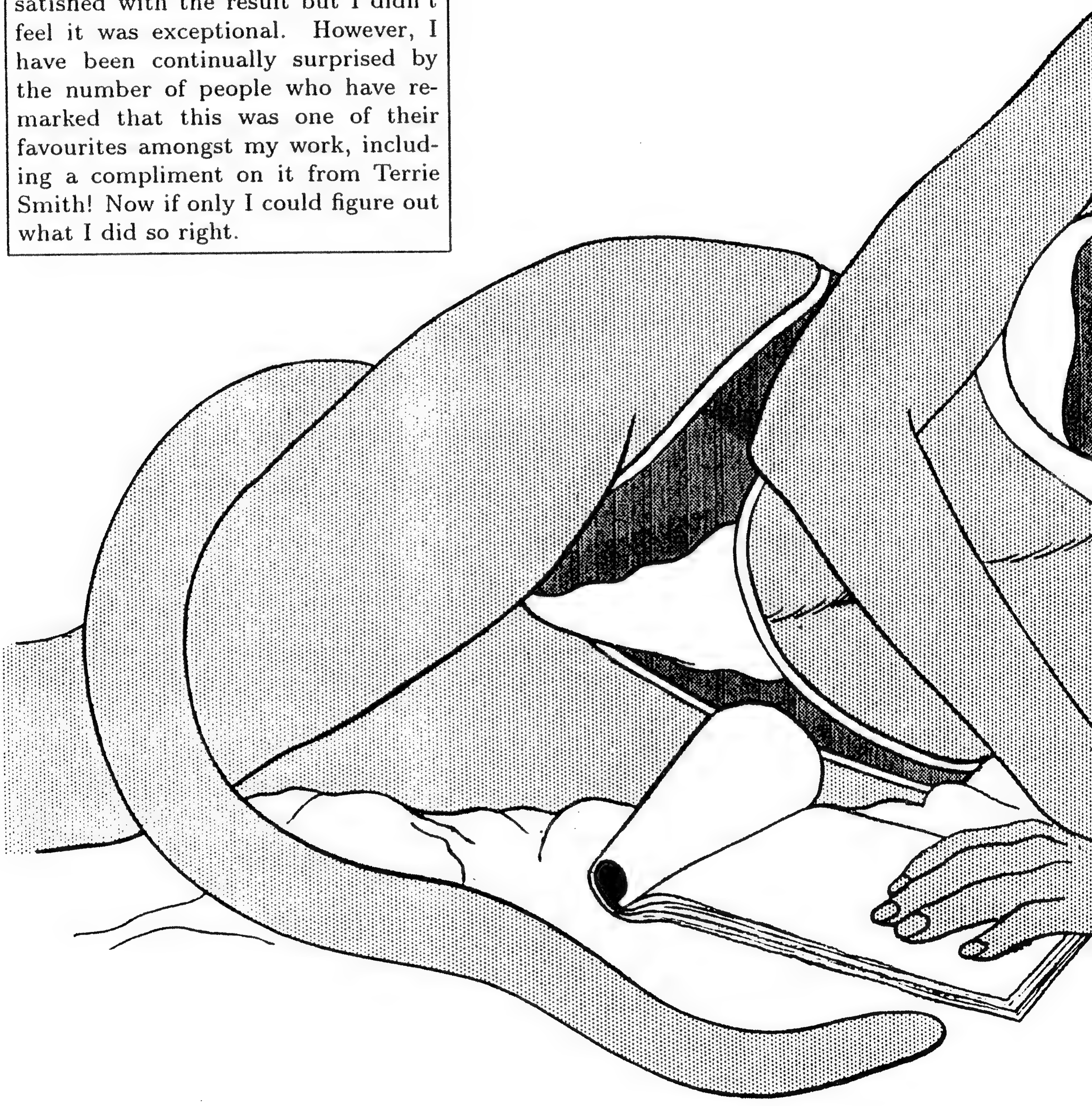
BLIND DATE (A.K.A BERNARD'S SWEETHEART)
Bernard Doove

This piece is really two drawings. It started with me wanting to draw some less human furries. I drew the fox character first and I liked it so much that I decided to give him a girlfriend to whom he could give the flowers. However, doing another fox seemed too obvious. The idea of a blind date occurred to me as a great way of getting together two species that would not normally get along too well, hence the slightly nervous fox making his first approach to the shy rabbit lass. So this drawing is really two full-sized pieces combined with some bridging work to create one of my personal favourites.

CASUAL READING

Bernard Doove

This was based on a pose that I saw in an advertisement. I thought that this would make a nice drawing as it was feminine without being blatantly sexual. It is also an early attempt at using dot shading. I don't know how you folks do it, but I didn't buy professional sheets. I made my own on a printer with reasonable success. When the drawing was finished, I was satisfied with the result but I didn't feel it was exceptional. However, I have been continually surprised by the number of people who have remarked that this was one of their favourites amongst my work, including a compliment on it from Terrie Smith! Now if only I could figure out what I did so right.





"CASUAL READING" ©'94 BDoove

WEIRD·STRESS·KITTENS! SABRINA! ALPHONSE! KAFKA! GORKY! 'SUICIDE IS BIRTHLESS!'

'Blue Notebook No. 10'

'There once was a red-haired man who had no eyes and no ears. He also had no hair, so he was called red-haired only in a manner of speaking.

He wasn't able to talk, because he didn't have a mouth. He had no nose, either.

He didn't even have any arms or legs. He also didn't have a stomach, and he didn't have a back, and he didn't have a spine, and he also didn't have any other insides. He didn't have anything. So it's hard to understand whom we're talking about.

So we'd better not talk about him any more.





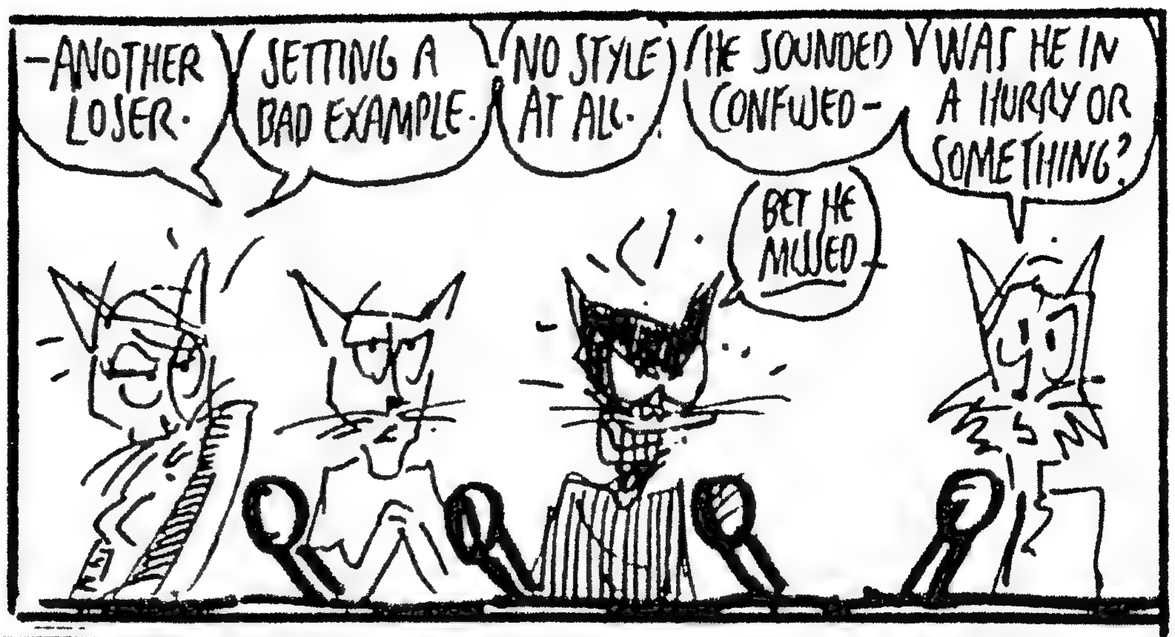
#DANIEL KHARMS - RUSSIAN WRITER, (1905-1942)



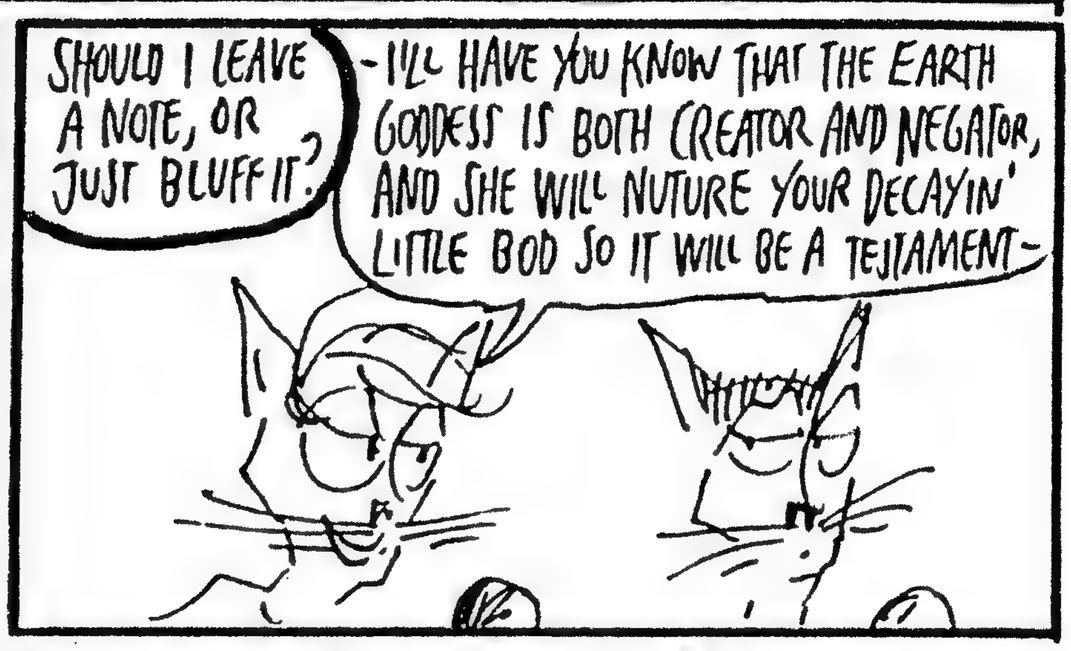





AAAAAAHHEEK-BLAM!!!


-ANOTHER LOSER.
SETTING A BAD EXAMPLE.
NO STYLE AT ALL.
HE SOUNDED CONFUSED-
BET HE MISSED-
WAS HE IN A HURRY OR SOMETHING?


HELLO- I'M LAINIE FROM LIPSWHICH- I'M CONSIDERING MY DEATH AS AN AESTHETIC EXPERIENCE, SOMETHING THAT WILL ALLOW ME TO FIND MYSELF, AND YET BE EXTREMELY PERSONAL, SHROUDED IN THE MYSTERY THAT IS MY FEMININITY-
SO?


SHOULD I LEAVE A NOTE, OR JUST BLUFF IT?
-I'LL HAVE YOU KNOW THAT THE EARTH GODDESS IS BOTH CREATOR AND NEGATOR, AND SHE WILL NUTURE YOUR DECAYIN' LITTLE BOD SO IT WILL BE A TESTAMENT-


OHHH! THAT'S SOUNDS-
-TO YOUR BEING A PRETENSIOUS TWAT WHO MAINLY GOT OFF WHEN THE GOING GOT NOWHERE- JUST REMEMBER-


THERE'LL ALWAYS BE PEOPLE HIGHER THAN YOU -'CAUSE YOU'LL BE SIX FEET UNDER..
YOU DON'T UNDER STAND ME! -CLIK!
-AND WHY SHOULD ME, MS- TREE?
AM I ON?
INDEED!


DARLEEN FROM NOFOLK- YOU MENTIONED STYLE BEFORE - IS IT E-SSENTIALLY IMPORTANT WHEN YOU-Ah-um-dh-Huk-
GET ON WITH IT. TIME IS SHORT-
-TICALLY YOURS-
WALLOP!


I'M NOT CONCERNED ABOUT OUTSIDE APPEARANCES - BUT-AK- INSIDE-kkk- ISN'T IT~ AK-ggh- A-SIN- oh GOD, GOD -I'M SORRY~ kkk~
DARLEEN~ WHAT- HAVE YOU JUST DIGESTED?
I'LL TELL YA WHEN-


B-B-BLEECH-
BLARRKUUK-
AND SO YOUR INSIDES ARE WHITER THAN WHITE!
PURITY'S NO PURSUIT ON THE LONG RUN, Y'KNOW-


I THINK A BIT OF TAR ON THE SOUL'S GOOD FOR YOUR ROAD.
IT'S YOUR TRIP. TAKE A LEFT AND HIT HEAVEN DRIVE. BYPASS PURGATORY-
POI-SON-ALLY
COO-OLK KKK
NOW, GET LOST.

WHICH BRINGS US TO THAT 'IFFY' AREA OF WHAT HAPPENS TO 'CONSIOUSNESS': OUR EXPERT K. WILL NOW.... REGAIN IT~

-CHOHN-

-SHAKABAKEA-

AMIONAMIONAMION AMIONAMIONAMION AMIONAMIONAMION

-MIKE-

CRUNT!

-THERE.

SOTIS

"CONSIOUSNESS-YAH-CESSATION OF CONSIOUS-NESS-BIG IFFY-

V IS CONSIOUSNESS WELL AND TRULY BUGGERED WHEN YOU TAKE THE -BIG SLEEP-?

V -DOES IT JUST AVOID YOU LIKE AN OLD GIRLFRIEND AT A PARTY? -WAIT- BAD ANALOGY- I DONT EVER HAD NO GIRL-FRIEND- SAY, IF YOU LEFT THE CHANGE IN YOUR POCKET; WHEN YOU SENT YOUR COAT TO THE CLEANERS- WELL -WHAT THEN, YOU MAY

HI! 'TIS I, RUSTY LEMMINGS HISSELFISH! I'M BACK BACK WAY BACK AND I'M OUT!

KALO-AH-KALI! HUTZ-ZAH AND SEDIMENTATIONS!

TROT-SKIP! JUMP!

AND HAVE I GOT A GRAND-JUS' GRAND, PERSONALITY FOR YOU TO BE BEHOLDEN TO!

MEET~ JOHNNY CYPHER YATZI ULTRA YAKUZI ASTRO ZERO TOY ROBOT!

HE HAS THE STRENGTH AND POWERS OF TEN TOY ROBOTS SQUARED!!

-SHOW 'EM, JOHNNY!

"AAAAAYABBIWoooooooo AT-ZEE-HOOOOOYYN

TOOOOOOY-YOYN

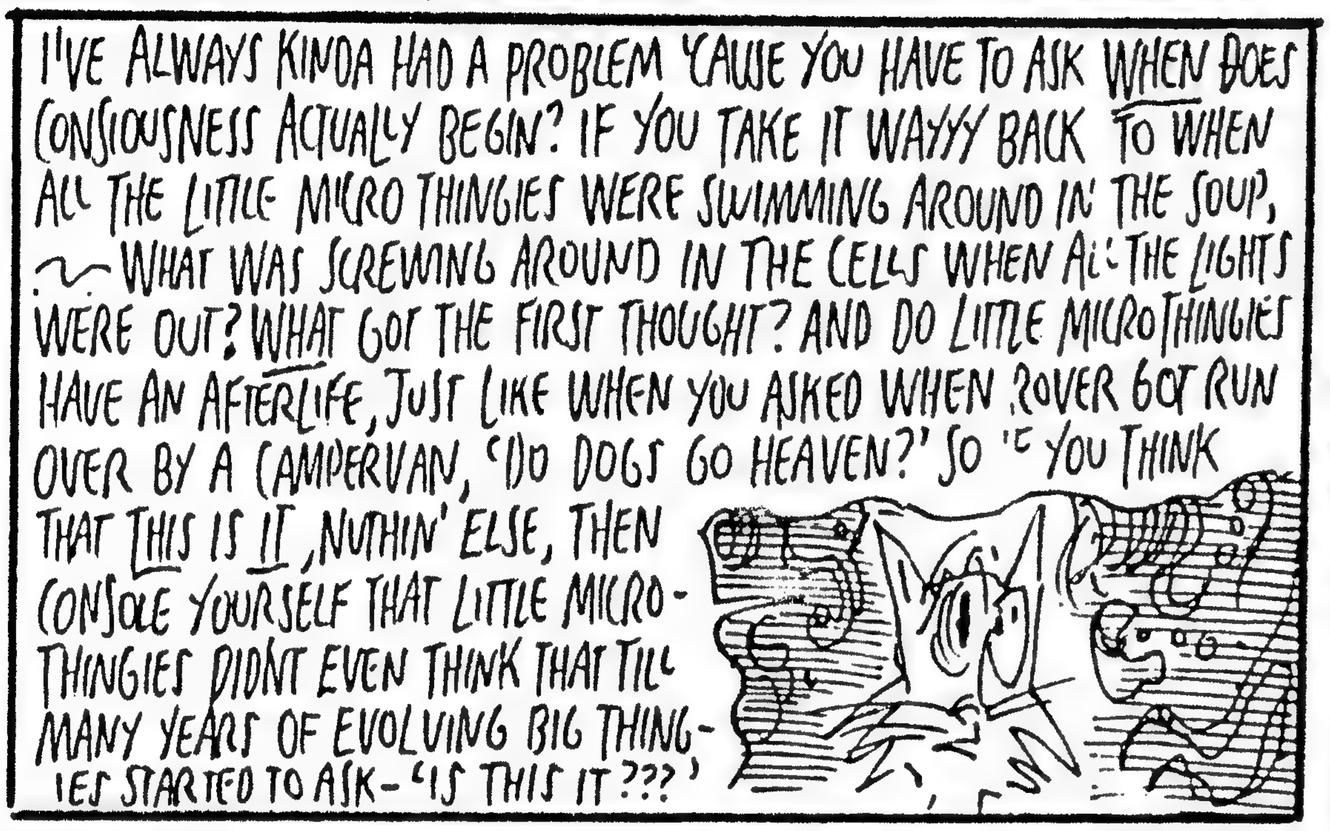
ROBOT!!

-FEZOOM


WELP- BE SEEIN'YA- TOODLES!
HOPSKIPJUMP



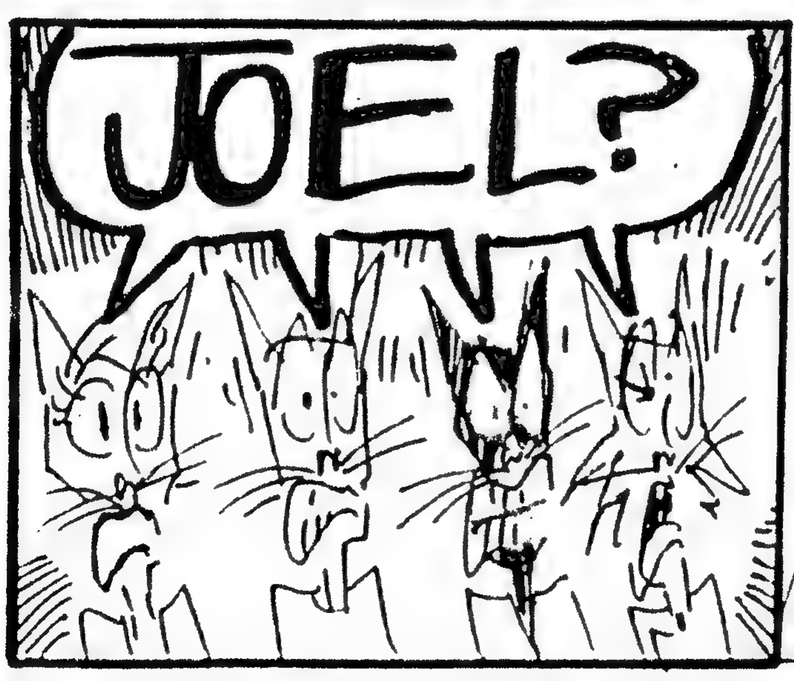

-ASK-SINCE CLEANERS ALWAYS LOOK AT ME STRANGELY-JUST LIKE, EVERYONE-I WOULDNT TRUST THEIR OPINION-
WHAT IS MY OPINION, YOU MAY ASK~
DONT MAKE US DEMAND IT...


I'VE ALWAYS KINDA HAD A PROBLEM 'CAUSE YOU HAVE TO ASK WHEN DOES CONSCIOUSNESS ACTUALLY BEGIN? IF YOU TAKE IT WAYYY BACK TO WHEN ALL THE LITTLE MICRO THINGIES WERE SWIMMING AROUND IN THE SOUP, ~WHAT WAS SCREWING AROUND IN THE CELLS WHEN ALL THE LIGHTS WERE OUT? WHAT GOT THE FIRST THOUGHT? AND DO LITTLE MICROTHINGIES HAVE AN AFTERLIFE, JUST LIKE WHEN YOU ASKED WHEN ROVER GOT RUN OVER BY A CAMPERVAN, 'DO DOGS GO HEAVEN?' SO IF YOU THINK THAT THIS IS IT, NUTHIN' ELSE, THEN CONSOLE YOURSELF THAT LITTLE MICRO-THINGIES DIDNT EVEN THINK THAT TILL MANY YEARS OF EVOLVING BIG THING-IES STARTED TO ASK-'IS THIS IT???'


IS IT?
IS IT WHAT?


WHAT'S YOUR POINT?
WHAT'S THE POINT?


THAT'LL DO.
NEXT!
YO, THIS IS JOEL~


JOEL?


WOW. THIS IS SERIOUS.
AS IN ~ BILLY-?


NO, I-
JOEL-JOEL-WHAT SORT OF NAME IS JOEL? BETTER YOU SHOULD DIE -YA BRONX LEECH. SPARE THE PLANET.
HEY- WHAT IF I WANT TO LIVE~BREATH~..


YOU DONT OWN THE AIR, FRIEND.
-RIGHT, LISTENERS- NO JOELS! AND WE DONT WANT NO WHITNEY'S ON OUR AIRWAVES, NEITHER!
OR CATHOLICS..

HELLO~I'M DAVE·I JUST WANNA KNOW SHOULD I KINDA STAY OFF THE RED WINE AFTER ALL THE PILLS I'VE JUST TAKEN-

YOU AIN'T GONNA BE AROUND TO CLEAN IT UP··SO?

YOU KNOW, YOU'RE RIGHT! THANKS·

PLEASURE TO OBL'GE·JUST DON'T FALL IN IT-

GOOD POINT·PEOPLE WOULD THINK YOU'D SMOTHERED IN VOMIT-SSSSTUUUPID!!

THE OLD ROCK MARTYR ROUTINES DAY HAS GONE·

NEXT!

LEROY'S GONE·H-HE LEFT· AND·AND-SOB·I CAN'T-I-CAN'T-GO-ON-SOB-I-JUST-CAN'T-GO-ON-

USING COMPLETE SENTENCES?

NO! I CAN'T GO ON TO EXIT THE STAGE-H-HE TOOK ALL-MY~BROADWAY ALBUMS! MUSIC!

-I MUST HAVE MUSIC! I MUST HAVE A SHOW-STOPPER! PLEASE, PLEASE-SOB-ANYTHING!

♪♪I'M ALWAYS CHASING RAINBOWS,~WATCHING DAYS PASS ME BY♪♪♪~

GO NOW-FOR LITTLE JUDY AND TOTO AWAIT-

SOB SOB THANK YOU THANK YOU-CLIK!

THAT WASN'T A BROADWAY TUNE·

YOU GONNA TELL HIM HE'S BEEN LIVING A LIE NOW?

HELLO,-ROY BATTY-I WANT MORE LIFE, FUCKER!

SORRY, ROY-BUT THE LIGHT THAT BURNS TWICE AS BRIGHT-

EVANTUALLY SNUFFS IT.

JUST A REMINDER FOR ALL YOU PEOPLE OUT THERE WHO DON'T CONSIDER MORTALITY-OUR 'LEON' ALARM CLOCKS ARE STILL AVAILABLE··

"WAKE UP! TIME TO DIE!!"

WORKS FOR ME!-DUNNO WHY, THO'-

THIS IS CLINT FROM THE LAKE-I JUST WANT TO KNOW DID VAUGHN BODÉ COMMIT SUICIDE-

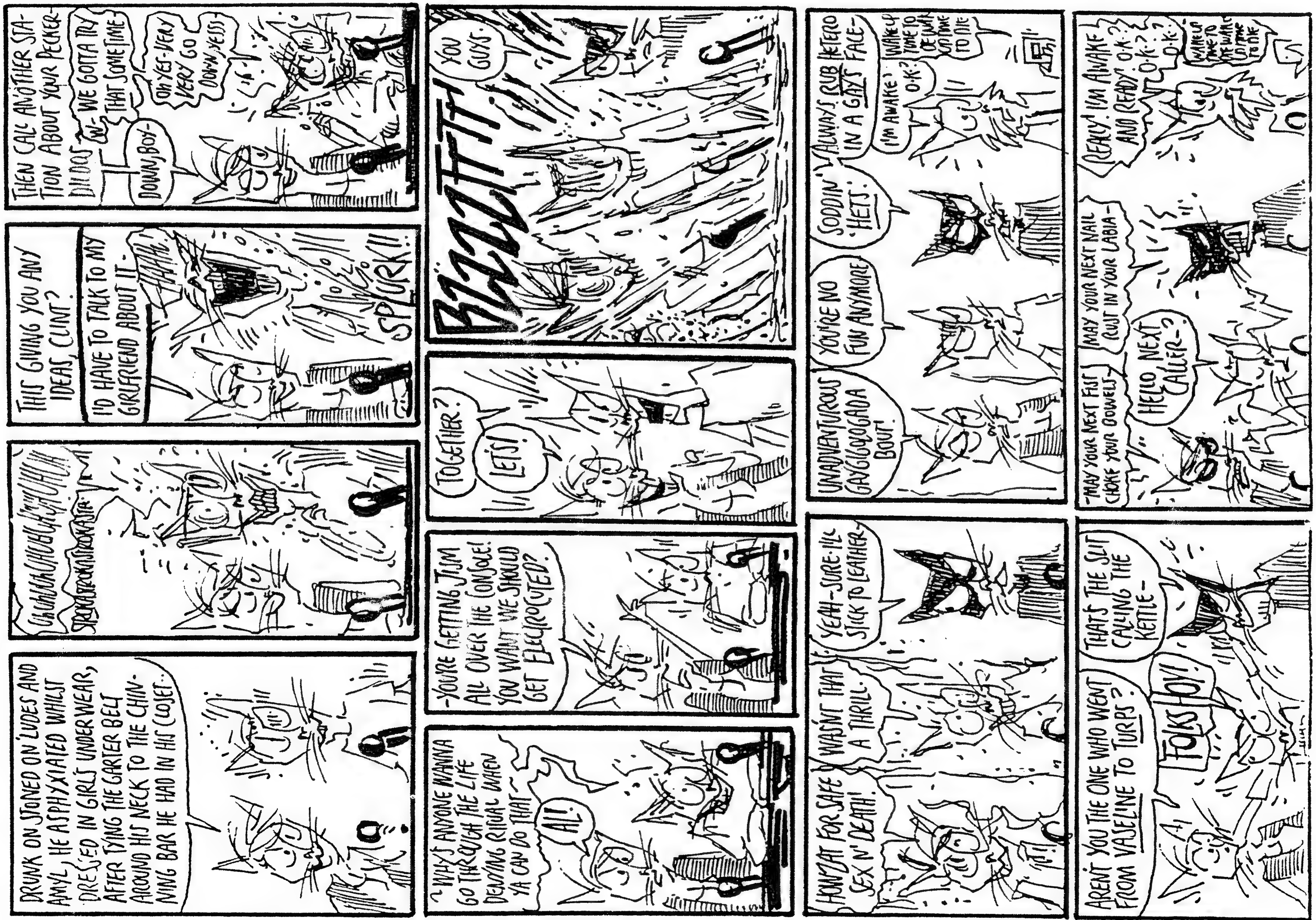
VAUGHN BODÉ WHAT?

WAKE UP TIME TO DIE

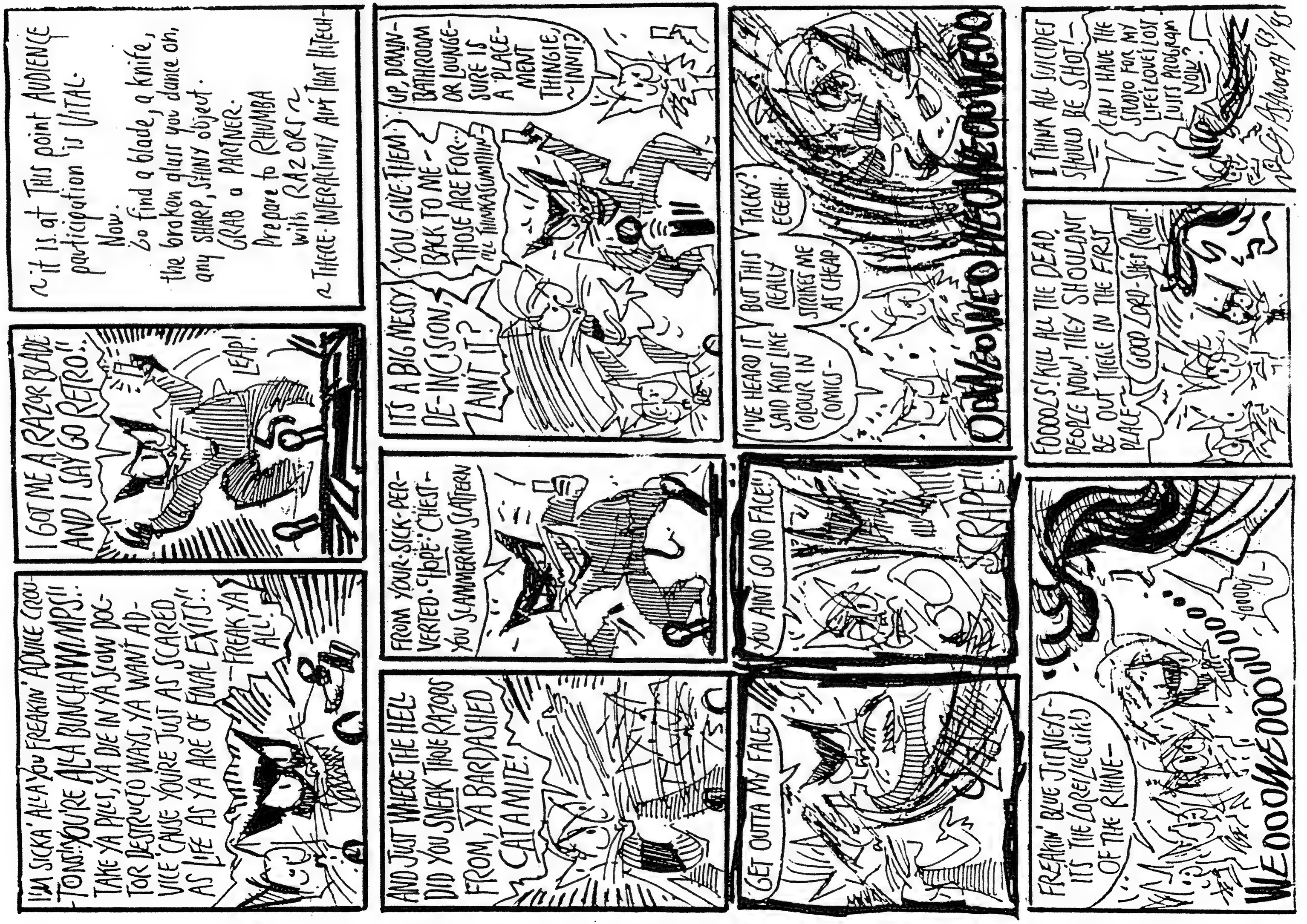
VAUGHN BODÉ-CREATOR OF CHEECH WIZARD AND ALL PERSUASIVE AND MOSTLY UNKNOWN INSPIRATION TO GRAFFITOIDS ALL OVER··

SAD TO TELL YOU THAT OL' BODE DIED FROM MOSTLY KINKY EXCESS~

TIME UP WAKE TO DIE WAKE UP TIME TO DIE WAKE UP TIME TO DIE WAKE UP


HELLO NEXT CALLER-
-MAY YOUR NEXT FIST CHOKE YOUR BOWELS
READY! I'M AWAKE AND READY! O·K·? O·K·? O·K·?
WAKE UP TIME TO BE WANG UP TIME TO DIE
MAY YOUR NEXT NAIL REST IN YOUR LABIA-
I'M AWAKE! O·K·? WAKE UP TIME TO BE WANG UP TIME TO DIE
UNADVENTUROUS GAYGLOQOGADA BOUT!
SODDIN' 'HETS'. ALWAYS RUB HETERO IN A GAYS FACE-
YOU'RE NO FUN ANYMORE
THAT'S THE SLIT CALLING THE KETTLE-
FOLKS HO!
AREN'T YOU THE ONE WHO WENT FROM VASELINE TO TURPS?
HOW'D AT FOR SAFE SEX N' DEATH!
YEAH-SURE. I'LL STICK TO LEATHER-
WASN'T THAT A THRILL.
-YOU'RE GETTING JISM ALL OVER THE (ONJOE! YOU WANT WE SHOULD GET ELECTROCUTED?
TOGETHER?
LETS!
WHY'S ANYONE WANNA GO THROUGH THE LIFE DENYING RITUAL WHEN YA CAN DO THAT-
ALL
DRUNK ON 'JONED ON 'LUDES AND AMYL, HE ASPHYXIATED WHILST DRESSED IN GIRLS UNDERWEAR, AFTER TYING THE GARTER BELT AROUND HIS NECK TO THE CHINNING BAR HE HAD IN HIS (OJE!
SPLURK!!
I'D HAVE TO TALK TO MY GIRLFRIEND ABOUT IT-
THIS GIVING YOU ANY IDEAS, CUNT?
THEN CALL ANOTHER STATION ABOUT YOUR PECKER-
DILDOS
WE GOTTA TRY THAT SOMETIME
DOWN, BOY-
OH YES-VERY VERY GO DOWN, YESS

I'M DESPERATE, MAN!
DONT WE ALL WISH.
FYME!
!EMUF
I'M JANICE GAMEGIRL FROM NINTENDO CITY, AND - HEY - IS THIS 'THE VIDGAMERS - HELP - ME - I'M WELL - AND - TRULY - STUFF - ED - LINE?'
DO YOU WANNABE?
OHHH, WAIT - THIS COULD BE - IN - VOL - VING!!
DO GO ON, YOU WILLFULL TOM - BOY, YOU -
DONT LET GUYS HAVE ALL A FUN
WAKEUPTIMETODIE WAKEUPTIMETODIE WAK - KUMP!
I'M STUCK ON THE DAGGODOGS LEVEL OF SUPER NANOSISTERS, AND I GOT THE SNERKS GAZERPING AT MY TOENAIL CLIPPERS COSMIC AND I'M I CANT GET MY TACKLESTUMPER -
YUP - THASSA PROB.
HEH - STOPPED - IT.
I ONLY GOT TO GET PAST THE DROOGEDS TO GET APHASTED, OR I'M DUDDLETHUMPED -
THUMPTHUMPATHUMPA THUMPATHUMPATHUMPA -
MAN, I'M DESPERATE - I'VE BEEN HACKIN' ON THIS FOR TWO DAYS, - I DONT WANNA BE DISSY - CORPARATED SO NEAR TO THE PHLUG!
SHH!
PULL THE PHLUG, THEN
TIME OUT!
SAY - HAVE YOU TAZURPED THE DELATROIDS WITH YOUR WIGGY BABY BOUNCER BIFFLETOOK?
YAH.
OR TALZIPPED THE ZOOBID DE - FIZZ DEVICE WITH YOUR PEACH FUZZ AGAINST THE YUMMIEDEE WALLS?
DON WORK.
- HOWZABOUT YOU GOOSE GRAPPLE WITH THE SPICKY SPANNER AND TWISTCHOK THE EBBLEFIDDLE PAST THE NAZATEETHDEATHPAWS ON THE BUNGLEDUFF HA - ROOM - BAHS USING A TUSHLICKER POONTANG - -A - RANG?
DONE THAT.
WHY DONT YOU GET A LIFE?
I ONLY GOT TWO LIFES LEFT!
ChChChChChOH! TWO MUCH - MUCH TOO TWO MUCH!
SHIT!.. TIIE TOMUCH! WAITASEC~ - IT WORKED! I'VE GOT TO TIIE BUZZENDORF RIFT - AND - SHIT!!
ONLY GOT ONE LIFE LEFT...
CALL US WHEN YOUR DONE WITH IT, GOOMBAH, GOOMBA HEY~
THATS TECHNO GEEKS FOR YA~
FUGGIT!


I'M SICKA' ALL'A YOU FREAKIN' ADVILLE CROOTONS!! YOU'RE ALL A BUNCHA WIMPS!! TAKE YA PILLS, YA DIE IN YA SLOW DOCTOR DESTRUCTO WAYS, YA WANT ADVILLE 'CAUSE YOU'RE JUST AS SCARED AS LIFE AS YA ARE OF FINAL EXITS!!
I GOT ME A RAZOR BLADE AND I SAY GO RETRO!!
LEAP!
-FREAK YA ALL!
AND JUST WHERE THE HELL DID YOU SNEAK THOSE RAZORS FROM, YA BARDASHED CATAMITE!
FROM YOUR SICK-PERVERTED 'HOPE' CHEST- YOU SLAMMERKIN SLATTERN
(GET OUTTA MY FACE!)
YOU AIN'T GO NO FACE!!
SCRAPE!!
IT'S A BIG MESS! YOU GIVE THEM UP, DOWN-BATHROOM OR LOUNGE-DE-INCISION, BACK TO ME- SURE IS A PLACE-'AIN'T IT? THOSE ARE FOR... MENT THINGIE, me THINKASUMMIN= ~INNIT?
I'VE HEARD IT BUT THIS TALKS! SAID KIDS LIKE REALLY (COLOUR IN STRIKES ME COMICS- AS CHEAP
EGEHH.
ODMEOOMEOOMEOOO
I THINK ALL SUICIDES SHOULD BE SHOT!-
(CAN I HAVE THE STUDIO FOR MY LIFE'S LOVE? LOST LUITS PROGRAM NOW?
FOOOOLS! KILL ALL THE DEAD. PEOPLE NOW! THEY SHOULDN'T BE OUT THERE IN THE FIRST PLACE
(GOOD LORD- SIKES RIGHT!
FREAKIN' BLUE JITNEYS- ITS THE LOREL/LECSIK!) OF THE RHINE-
WEOOOMEOOOO
Yoooo!-
Gerard Ashworth '93/'95

RELATIONSHIPS — **Jason Gaffney**

The centre mouse was to be the only face in this picture, but as I'm prone to run amok with furry faces (as anyone who's seen my envelopes will testify) I started drawing other faces around it. The first extra face, the female in the tie, reminded me of a lawyer sort of figure which made me wonder what was the relationship with the mouse and so it continued from there. The relationships ended up into an extra-marital affair story with, clockwise from the bottom, the baby daughter, the abusive husband, the supportive friend, the lawyer, and the love affair. It basically shows how my mind can run away with me.




THE FIRST ONE WHO TRIES ANYTHING...
GETS IT!!
BANG!!
KAKAKAK

Peddling Their Wares...

Weird Stress Kittens

If you enjoyed *Weird Stress Kittens* (or even understood it, for that matter) you might want to collect the *Weird Stress Kittens* mini-comics from Radical Shiekh Graphics.

Join the Weird Stress Kittens and their friends in their laugh-a-minute, taboo-crossing hijinx. (Boy, is he going to kill me for that line.) The only mini-comic guaranteed to last an hour and a half.

Send a SASE to: Radical Shiekh Graphics
c/o Gerard Ashworth
7/70 Queenscliff Road
Queenscliff NSW
Australia 2096

Now available:

WSK #0 (reprints)	$2.50
WSK #1, #2	$2.00
WSK #3	$2.50

Greener Pastures

Greener Pastures (as seen in *Hepcats*) is now up to its third action-packed issue from Kronos Komics. Find out what happens when a bull leaves the farm in search of the big city.

Cheque or money orders to: Kronos Komics
PO Box 411
Kensington NSW
Australia 2033

Each edition is $2.50 + .50 postage. Overseas add 50% to cover shipping.

Also ask about their other great products such as T-shirts and the chance to be an extra in the *Greener Pastures* comic.

South Fur Lands

And finally, if you have enjoyed this magazine, why not buy some more? *South Fur Lands* comes out quarterly with an adults-only edition in February. Inside you will find 32 pages of experienced and up-and-coming furry artists and writers all for the low price of $3.50. New Zealand orders add $1.00; everywhere else add $2.50 shipping.

Issue #2 is due out in October, so don't delay. Address and email are on the facing page for "Submissions". Say, why not save yourself $3.50 and submit something while you're at it?

All prices quoted in Australian currency.

Submission Guidelines

Although the main focus of *South Fur Lands* is Australasia, we welcome submissions from anyone who lives south of the equator. So whether you live in Indonesia, Peru or South Africa, show us what you've got!

The kind of things we're looking for include **stories**, both text and illustrated, **artwork** and any type of **reviews** of furry material, or just any **views** you have on furrydom today.

Cover Art

We're also looking for people to do covers for the magazine, so if you can do a cover incorporating "South Fur Lands", we want to see it. We don't care how you include the title, as long as it is prominent enough to indicate it is the title.

What do I get?

Anyone who contributes one page or more that we use gets a free copy of that issue!

Submission Details

You've heard the rules for submissions before in other magazines but here they are again anyway.

1. We would prefer that all those with email accounts send their text submissions via email in standard ASCII. If this is not available, send text submissions preferably on a $3\frac{1}{2}$" IBM-compatible disk in ASCII format. Disks will be returned with the magazine copy. Otherwise, send typed submissions, preferably double-spaced.
2. All artwork is to be sent as good quality photocopies. NO ORIGINALS. Black and white inked works please. No pencils. Up to A4 size is preferred with at least a 15mm border on all sides. We will also take scanned images in GIF, JPEG, or MS-Windows bitmap format, at *at least* 300 dpi. They may be sent on disk or via email as a uuencoded file.
3. You, as creator, will retain copyright, but we will have the right to print your work in any single issue and to use it in reprints in the same format. We reserve the right to edit text submissions.
4. For the regular fanzine, we will take up to an Australian "M" rating in movie terms, i.e. minimal nudity and violence unless we believe it's necessary to keep the story coherent.. Anything goes in the adult version. (But *please* let's have a little bit of taste.)

Get to work people. The deadline for the second issue is the 30th of September.

Send your submissions to:

South Fur Lands
c/o Jason Gaffney
10 Hibiscus Street
Cabbage Tree Point Qld
Australia 4207

Or electronically to Marko Laine at `laine@gil.ipswichcity.qld.gov.au`.

BRUSH & INK

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